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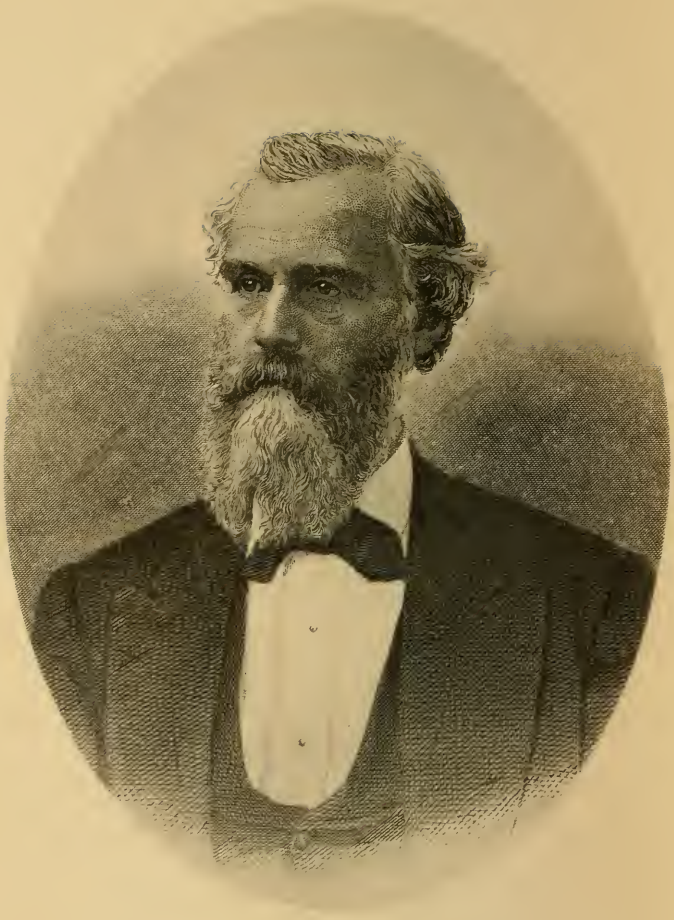

O. W. Wright

HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO. BOSTON.

A Memorial

OF

O. W. WIGHT, A.M., M.D.

SANITARIAN, LAWYER, AND AUTHOR

BY

J. S. WIGHT, M. D.

CAMBRIDGE
Printed at the Riverside Press
1890

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Logan Exchange.

To the members of the Prismatic Club of Detroit this Memorial is inscribed, in appreciation of their regard and friendship for one who labored for the good of others, who lived a manly and heroic life, who went away without fear.

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille, Doch ein Character in dem Strom der Welt. — GOETHE.

Talent develops itself in solitude; character, in the stream of life.

PREFACE.

This biographical memorial of my deceased brother, I have written for his friends. I have tried to paint what he was in his ambition, his work, and his success, during the changes of a varied life. My few and inadequate words have been inspired by a wish to perpetuate his memory among those who knew him. And if those who did not know him, happen to read of him, as his life appeared to me, let me say to them, — it is our wish that you, too, may be numbered among his friends.

J. S. WIGHT.

30 Schermerhorn Street.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEMORIAL OF O. W. WIGHT.

I.

On the 19th of February, in the year of our Lord 1824, was born a boy whose ancestors came from two branches of the Aryan race. One occupies a land where men of indomitable will and dauntless courage resist the encroachments of the sea and hold back the invasions of man. They have encountered the aggressive and stubborn forces of nature and turned them into slaves. They have maintained their existence as a nation for more than a thousand years. The other lived on an island against whose shore beats forever the restless sea, imparting the spirit of its mobility to the beholder. Upon this sea-girt land was planted the standard of Imperial Rome, as westward the march of

Empire took its way. And this beautiful island has stood sentinel at the gateway of civilization for centuries. The people of whom we write have lived and wrought by the sea in the past, and have descended from the ancient mariner, of whom the Roman poet sang: —

> "In oak or triple brass his breast was mailed,
> Who first committed to the ruthless deep
> His fragile bark, nor inly shrank and quailed,
> To hear the headlong south-wind fiercely sweep,
> With northern blasts to wrestle and to rave;
> Nor feared to face the tristful Hyades,
> And the wild tyrant of the western wave,
> That lifts or calms at will the restless sea."

Both the ancestors of this boy committed their fragile barks to the ruthless deep; they had heard the headlong south-wind wrestle with the northern blasts; they had hearts of oak and breasts in dauntless courage mailed; they loved and sought the freedom of the restless sea; nor feared the peril and the dangers that it brought and gave.

Such were the ancestors of one whose life it is our duty to sketch. Such brave men were they, who have lived, and loved, and wrought, and passed away. And he too has departed, after a busy, heroic, manly, and eventful life, over which falls the shadow of a great sorrow : —

> " One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
> Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
> To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
> For which joy hath no balm and affliction no sting."

His mother's paternal ancestors came from Amsterdam, Holland. There were two brothers, by the name of Van Buren, who came to this country, and settled on the Hudson, one at Albany, the other at Kinderhook. The latter was the ancestor of Martin Van Buren, who was President of the United States. The former was the ancestor of Caroline Van Buren, the mother of Orlando Williams Wight, who was the eldest of eight children. His father was a descendant of Thomas Wight, who came to this country, in 1635, from the Isle of Wight,

to escape the religious persecutions of the times. When the Romans invaded Britain, they landed on a small island off the coast of England. And for some reason they called this island by the name of Vectis. It may be that the Romans derived this name from the more ancient one of Ictis. This sea-girt land is the modern Isle of Wight, whose name is probably related to the Danish Wightgar.

O. W. Wight was born at Centreville, Alleghany County, New York, among the hills, in the native forest. The dew, the rain, and the snow fell there, as they have fallen for centuries. They seemed to have grown weary of the savage, since they came down with a new joy for civilized man. The birds sang to the echo of the axe, which leveled the beech and maple, so that corn and wheat could grow. The winds made music with the splinters of the logs laid up in the walls of the cabin. The sun shone into the clearing at mid-day, and played with the shadows of the trees in the morning

and the evening. And oft there was stillness there like that of the primeval sea, which once lay above this fair land. Here, where man and nature could meet, and mingle the mysterious life of one and the sentient soul of the other, he first saw the light, — the first consciousness of being came to a new-born soul, that was overshadowed by the mysteries of the forests, the clouds, and the stars.

"'T is not in man,
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'erarching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintness there,
"'T is wonderful! — and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet, sometimes,
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it; and 't is decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise; contending winds of fate go forth; —
And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
"And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*."

What one has he may give to many, and from many comes what he has, in body, mind, and soul. Our piety, our religion, our poetry, our oratory, our weakness, our strength, come from our ancestors. A thousand streams of life are blended into one, which diverges more and more as time goes on. Surely we enter into the labors of others, and we give of the fruits of our toil to those who come after us. While you cannot gather figs from thistles, some fig trees bear better fruit than others. One child is facile at learning, because his ancestors were learned before him. He seems to inherit his knowledge, just as if he could unfold the convolutions of his brain, and read the imprint of a long line of culture. Yet the laws of heredity will not explain everything in man. Somehow, there is a new creation, — a new miracle, — taking place at every new birth. Shape it as we will, to receive, to transmit, to become, to be born, are co-related to the Creative Power. The amazing faculties of Socrates came down with the

Promethean fires; the transcendent genius of Michael Angelo was a heavenly gift; the matchless mind of the Bard of Avon was a divine insight. Converge all the influences of heredity into one stream, and it is insignificant when compared with the creative shaping of the destiny of man.

II.

The small boy when he first goes to school is environed with mysteries. He leaves the home where his mother dwells. The distance to the schoolhouse is impressive. He goes forth on an unknown and untried journey. A mysterious future lies beyond his vision. The clouds that shape themselves and go; the winds that sigh among the leaves; the tints of spring that please the sense of seeing; the singing of the forest birds; and the pleasant light of the sun, are all interwoven into memories which cannot fade. It is a beautiful pathway to the temple of knowledge. How different this journey to those who make it! One is born for and lives in the material: to such there are no stepping-stones to

higher things. Another hungers and thirsts for the water and bread of the spirit: the eyes see the beauty that shines through perishable forms, and the ears hear the music that swells from the spheres. One would escape from the temple of knowledge, as from a prison. The other would listen, and gaze, and learn forever. The perpetuity of our freedom, our liberty, our happiness, and our prosperity is consolidated and made more certain through the rudiments of knowledge obtained in the schoolhouse by the wayside. The dignity and the solemnity of this temple are none the less because it is built of primeval logs.

The schoolboy subsequently wrote of one who became the great logical knight-errant of the tenth century: "Thou dost not yet know the cost of wisdom; other years shall teach thee that it must be paid for in the fusion of the brain, over the burning of the heart. And what if a vase of ashes shall at length take the place of thy heart, and

thy brain congeal to stone! With thee, also, fate opens an account; take what thou wilt, but payment thou shalt not escape, even to the uttermost farthing. Choose thy principles of action, but know that thou must abide the results."

From picture-books and story-books the boy soon went beyond the learning of his teachers: he was one of those who enter into the learning of others, — they who have traveled the journey before us. Then he studied geometry, surveying, and the calculus without a master. After that he turned his attention to Latin and Greek, and, with no one to aid him, he acquired a profound and critical knowledge of the classical authors. The Iliad and the Odyssey kept him up far into the night. They made an impression that often made itself known in the productions of his pen in after years. This influence on the minds of men is expressed by Lang: —

"Homer, thy song men liken to the sea,
With every note of music in its tone,

With tides that wash the dim dominion
Of Hades, and light waves that laugh in glee
Around the isles enchanted : nay, to me
Thy verse seems as the River of source unknown
That glasses Egypt's temples overthrown,
In his sky-nurtured stream, eternally.
No wiser we than men of heretofore
To find thy mystic fountains guarded fast ;
Enough — thy flood makes green our human shore
As Nilus, Egypt, rolling down his vast,
His fertile waters, murmuring evermore
Of gods dethroned and empires of the Past."

Why should life all labor be? — When other boys were at play, he was with his books. In the hours that were precious for sleep he was wont to read, to study, to learn. He did the measure of a day's work sometimes in half a day, and the reward was that he could use the remainder of the day in translating the Æneid. He would work a few hours, and then engage in the solution of some difficult mathematical problem. The days came and departed, — as "knowledge grew from more to more." His ambition kindled into enthusiasm, as the stu-

dent made praiseworthy and substantial progress. There was a wish to know and be known, and be remembered in the hereafter. There was a desire to impart the treasures of knowledge to others, an ambition to become a teacher.

One of the most mournful spectacles in the world is that of a man trying to teach others something which he himself does not know. And next to this stands the picture of genius laboring to impart divine truths that are above the comprehension of his pupils. Rare and wonderful gift to put life and soul into words, and let fall the instructive and informing sounds upon listening and attentive ears! It is a divine gift, greater than all other gifts, to teach others the truth, whether in the temple of worship or in the temple of learning: and no man can teach the truth who does not know what the truth is, — no, not one. Who has not fused his knowledge in his brain, who has not enthroned his wisdom in his heart, is, in speech, *a voice and nothing more.*

He wrote: "I am weary and depressed to-night. What a wasting drudgery is this teaching business! Some of my pupils are bright and active, and are grateful to him who instructs them; others are stupid and cruel, and delight in giving pain. To maintain something like order among thirty or forty boys and girls, wild and strong, urging each other to mischief, some of whom scarcely know what it means to obey, is a sore task, requiring firmness, skill, and courage. I have to-day been thinking of the past, and feel weary of life. Where will it all end? Are the powers that govern the world beneficent or malignant? What a strange mixture of good and evil in life! I am fated to grow weary, teaching these half barbarians the merest rudiments of knowledge, while others are born in purple and are destined to be rulers of men. I do not know what it all means, and when the mystery of things present drives me to things past, then *tristes souvenirs* mock me with the phantoms of blessed hours gone by.

If somebody could but understand me, it would be a relief to utter the thoughts of my soul; but here all are material, and I am alone."

III.

A WISE man once said, If you ask me what time is, I don't know; but if you don't ask me, I know what it is. Day after day, year after year, age after age, time passes away. It seems like some great system revolving noiselessly around a mighty centre, whose substance we call eternity. The past converges into the present, and the present expands into the future. We measure time by the rotation and the revolution of the earth, — amazing journey that we make around the sun! We count time by the events that crowd into the present, where a thousand causes converge into one historic effect after another. Each one of us stands and moves in the present, for eternity is behind us and before us.

In the year 1840, the studious boy, the

young schoolmaster, with his father's family, migrated from the woods and hills of Alleghany to the slopes and shore of Lake Erie, where a farm was purchased. To others it was a place where shelter, food, and raiment could be had; to him it was something more: the mobility and the expanse of the inland sea awakened in the soul the idea of the Infinite. Step by step one climbs to a higher level, and then the imagination speeds beyond the horizon: at last, the limitations are reached; and when the mind returns to the order of things around us, it has a new thought, — an inspiration of the harmony going through all things created.

"Lovely is the autumn on the borders of the great lakes in North America! The air is so clear, the heaven is so high, the southward moving sun sheds over land and water such a rich mellow light! Day by day grow more golden the fading leaves that should be emblematic of a soul ripening toward the grave in wisdom. Earth seems so calm, so gravely joyous, waiting with a sober

melancholy smile to be shrouded with a robe of snow, that shall be folded over her bosom by the cold hand of winter."

Look at it as we will, the things that surround us work in the soul for good or for evil. There is one music in the trees; there is one song in the waters; there is one voice in the winds: and the voice, the song, the music change ceaselessly, and awaken new thoughts, new sentiments, new aspirations, which also change, and remind us that change itself seems to be eternal, — all things change "from form to form; they melt like mists, the solid lands, like clouds they shape themselves and go." A new meaning is impressed on life: the sun shines with another light; the heaven has deeper mysteries; the soul has a deeper insight. The expanse grows higher, deeper, wider: a vista opens to another expanse that lies beyond sense. On the scroll of the universe God has indeed written a revelation of himself, and has given us eyes to read it, and reason to comprehend it: blessed is he who has eyes to see and reason to understand.

"Wisdom and spirit of the universe!
Thou soul that art the eternity of thought,
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain,
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood, didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar words of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things —
With life and nature, purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With limited kindness. In November days
When vapors rolling down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,
At noon and 'midst the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath gloomy hills homeward I went,
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long."

"In those first days of solitude, I was comparatively happy. My aching heart was stirred gently by the loving voice of Nature,

and I gave myself up to the delusion that could make me forget the past. Charming was that bower by the lake-side. It was a bower constructed by the hand of Nature herself. Thickly interlocked were the branches of the maple, the beech, and the hemlock. The evergreen was there, like an emblem of immortality, in the early autumnal decay. The golden leaves were slowly and solemnly falling around me, writing, as it were, with the pen of Time, in the air and upon the ground, 'passing away.' A brook tumbled from rock to rock down the steep, high bank, and mingled its waters with those of the great lake; thus headlong runs the stream of individual life into the shoreless, unfathomable sea of eternity. In the midst of the bower, here and there, still bloomed a solitary flower, proclaiming that, in the autumn of old age, few are the joys that survive the spring-time of youth. When, at the close of day, the dark red sun hung like a great ball of celestial fire, just ready to sink into the lake, whose further margin

was beyond the vision's reach, I seemed for a moment to pass into another condition of being, — the earth receded beneath me; the heavens opened above me; with closed eyes I could see far-off winding shores of seas; I could feel the multitudinous, soft watery arms of the deep-hearted ocean embrace in loving sympathy the land, and could hear the murmur of countless voices in a thousand nameless cities of man."

Why need we linger to tell about school days, which were so few and short? He did, indeed, attend brief terms: at Pike Academy, Wyoming; and at Westfield Academy, Chautauqua. But for the most part, he was his own teacher, his own preceptor, and his own master; he was self-taught, and became a self-made man. In the end, ceaseless toil and study brought the reward for which he longed. Nameless and forgotten hours of the night have vanished, while the silent stars kept watch over his fiery spirit. The intervening years pass swiftly by, like the shadow of a cloud. Intense and persistent

study, earnest and sincere toil, views and visions of things animate and inanimate, seem to crush years into moments. And from their passionate and receding cycle the outlook widens. As he has often said and written, the Temples of Worship and Knowledge have been built in the East. Towards its fabled lands trend the ways which lead to these temples, standing in the sacred dust of centuries.

O. W. Wight is now twenty-one years of age. He assumes control of himself. He will make his way in the world. He is not at home any longer on the slopes and shore of Lake Erie. He said good-by to his kindred; turned his face toward the mystic lands of the East, and left his boyhood's home, as it were, a pleasant dream in the past. "What magic there is in the word 'home'! It unlocks the heart that refuses to yield to any other key. The place where one was born is above all others a consecrated spot for him upon earth. When sickness comes, our thoughts wander to the

scenes of our childhood, and we remember the hand that rocked us in the hour of helplessness. When old age overtakes us we wish to return to our birthplace to die; and and do we not call heaven a *home!*'

IV.

The last words were spoken, and the wanderer was fast leaving the familiar shore. He sat apart thinking of the days of youth gone by, of the oft-repeated story of maternal grief, and of the unknown future yet to be. While he thought, the sombre day wore on; the dusky shore fast faded from his view; like Homer's heroes, he was on the deep. Through all that long and weary night, in sleepless solitude, he went eastward under the burden of hopes to be fulfilled. At last "the gray dawn came, and 'lying low' in the distance was the town of Buffalo, like the shore of Italy when first seen by the wandering Æneas. The beautiful inland city was soon reached. Buffalo is a little New York, standing on a pocket edition of the sea."

Two days in Buffalo: There was seen the scramble for the golden apple, as in the Grecian fable. Figuratively, gold was strewn in the dust of the street, where men rushed after it, crowding, wounding, and often destroying each other. And it seemed a kind of madness, whose delirium was contagious, and impelled the beholder to flee away into solitude. But the world will not let one off on such easy terms: it is a grim reality; with it we must wrestle; it may be a satisfaction to see through it with the questioning intellect; but that will not suffice. Sublime thoughts will not weave nature's fibres into clothing; subtle explanations of Grecian myths will not feed the hungry. Mother Earth is more than a poet: she will have you toil; she gives the bread of life here; she incloses the useless idler decently out of sight in her cold bosom.

"The time will come when you will see something more than a scramble after golden apples in the busy life of cities. Your heart is too cold, — wait awhile, and everywhere

you will see a toiling brother. Suffering you have already known, — you are not the only sufferer; you will be unjust in your judgments until you interpret life with heart as well as brain. The dear God above you sees all, and feels for all. Think you that He looks upon the struggle and toil of his children here below as a delirious scramble for gold in the dust of the highway? But onward: we will follow you; and doubtless you will soon learn more of this solemn world, every pulse of which shall have its echo in eternity."

In the presence of the Falls of Niagara: The thought of finite power merged into the idea of power that is infinite; a belief in the All-Powerful led to a belief in the Supreme intelligence and goodness; and the attempt to construe the God of the universe to thought induced a doubt; but Doubt brought the beholder face to face with Evidence, found in the rocks, in the solar system, in the stars, in the eternal order of the universe, — and to doubt was to

reason, and to reason was to admit its conclusions; and these led by imperceptible degrees to assent as to the truth of what was at first denied. Through Nature, the first and ever-present revelation, we may reach the Creator, the Ruler, the Forgiver, the Comforter, for whom the needy heart of man yearns. Before the mighty waterfall, as suggestive of sublime thought as the sky-piercing, snow-crowned Alps, the soul bowed in humility in the presence of Him whose will upholds all worlds. And then the Fates impel onward again: "There is no father's house for you here; the little money in your purse is vanishing; you are homeless and a stranger; the universal needs of humanity will soon be felt, and upon yourself alone is sure to fall the responsibility of your own life."

Who can tell what a man feels, better than he can himself? Who can know what a man thinks, as well as he can who thinks? The real in feeling and thought is sometimes more interesting and precious than the deeds

of men and heroes. Let a man tell us truly what he thinks, and we will listen. Let him relate sincerely to us how he feels, and we are moved. The story and the romance of Biography are truer, more real and interesting, when they come from the heart and brain of the one who lives them. If there is one thing that stands high in our admiration, it is the priceless jewel of sincerity, — for it will restore confidence among men. And if there is one thing above all others desirable, it is the fearless gem of truth, — for the truth will make us free. If the best feelings and thoughts of the great, the wise, and the good were gathered up, and recorded by the pen of genius, and portrayed in printer's ink, it would be matter for the reconstruction of universal history.

Mr. Wight again teaches school, — and reads Paradise Lost and Pilgrim's Progress, leaving us the following impressions: "I have just finished reading Milton's Paradise Lost. *Height* is the word that comes to me first. . . . The poem itself is . . . theology

in lofty verse. I do not find in it the natural, unsought sublimity of Homer, nor the graceful splendor of Virgil; yet it has in an unusual degree the true epic *verve*. . . . The idea of created intelligences revolting in heaven against the Almighty, and waging with Him a fierce civil war, in order to get possession of the throne of the universe, is sublimely ridiculous. If, with some of the Orientals, we could believe in the coexistence of good and evil, a systematic warfare between their representatives would be a conception worthy of a great poet. But when . . . evil originated with a created, finite, dependent being, then to place that weak being in antagonism with his own Omnipotent Creator is to forsake the regions of the sublime, and descend from the epic to the melodramatic. Take the idea of a weak and ignorant creature revolting, because weak and ignorant, against eternal power and wisdom, and follow up that creature with divine goodness and infinite pity, then you will have an idea worthy of a great Chris-

tian poet. The epics of Paganism, and the epics of the Transition have been written, but the epics of Christianity have yet to be made.

"Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress has inflamed me to such a degree that it spoils my sleep at nights. Bunyan is a rural Milton, a real Cromwell among poets. . . . There is a beat of Bunyan's strong heart in every word he writes. Oh, what power there is in language that is ensouled with the entire conviction of him who writes it!"

V.

O. W. WIGHT was principal of Geneva Academy for a time. He made for himself the reputation of being a successful teacher. While there he was a thorough and comprehensive student of history. He admired the literature, the culture, and the poetry of ancient Greece. He was a diligent student of the literature and laws of the Romans. About this time he wrote a small work of fiction, that seems to have entirely vanished. Most authors are glad to have their first literary efforts forgotten: he was not an exception.

From Geneva he went by way of Albany to New York. Poor in worldly goods, moved by ambition, having high aims, with little experience, agitated by anxiety, not understanding the feelings that stirred his breast,

exploring the new wonders that incessantly arose, but drawn toward the East, — the land of religion, song, and philosophy,— he first gazed on the great city he had so long desired to see, an interminable chaos of ships and buildings spread out under a hazy atmosphere, that seemed to his heated imag ination, to be the thick breath of some shape less monster, which the troubled ocean had thrown upon the shore. What was he to do there? Should he be swallowed up and lost, like a thousand others, to satisfy the hunger of that veritable monster?

Years ago his ancestors sailed up the peaceful waters of the Hudson to find a home where nature and fortune smiled in unison. They had journeyed westward; a descendant was facing the east. He was landing on an island which lies where the contending waters of the Atlantic and the Hudson have met and wrestled for unnum-bered centuries. Here has arisen a great city into whose currents of life converge the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish,

the learned and the ignorant, the Christian and the Pagan, the rich and the poor, those who love and those who hate, those who help and those who cast down, those who rejoice and those who are unhappy, — here, like the waters of the river and the sea, contend the forces of good and evil. Into this confusion of egoistic and altruistic life the new comer disappears.

"A certain Samuel Johnson and one William Shakespeare were adventurers. A few years ago a presumptuous young man, called Daniel Webster, appeared in the refined city of Boston, from the backwoods of New Hampshire, thinking to make his way in the world. He too was an adventurer. How many other adventurers the good-for-nothing world holds in remembrance! To be tenderly and silently pitied is that man who applies the word as a term of reproach to struggling and aspiring genius."

Awhile arise reminiscences of fragments of conversations held long years ago, from time to time, — conversations touching upon facts in a strangely varied life; facts that

have been recorded in the book of Destiny; these facts are not altogether in their logical order, but the impressions they made are facts, graven in the memory that holds them dear and sacred, as faithful pictures of their grim realities. But they may be none the less interesting, because they have been fused and transformed in the brain of another: their impressions bring pain and grief, regret and admiration, satisfaction and praise. Cruel fortune, thou hast no divine pity, no infinite love! Thy sinewy hand can break down or build up; thy cold breath can freeze the fairest flowers; thy smile can bring sunshine and plenty into desert places; thy hard foot can crush the highest and brightest hopes; thy dark form can overshadow the most laudable ambition; thy gifts and favors can raise up those who fall. These impressions were of one who set out with an imperfect standard for measuring the world; who did not then know how great the world was; who suffered much and toiled more; and who as the years vanished began to realize

that he was setting about a mighty work; that the great self-seeking world is apt to be indifferent; that it is more ready to take than to give; that it robs one of his purse, his good name, and his thoughts, without pity; that the lovable and the faithful are not easy to find; that strangers meet us on every hand; that honest bread is hard to get; that the stones under our feet are cold and hard; that the stars look down with the same sweet smile on all sorts and conditions of men; that struggle and heroic toil for food and raiment are what the good God asks of us; that we shall be clothed and fed, nor need be the prodigal son; and that great warm hearts are beating, full of God's eternal love, everywhere in that endless crowd of human beings who wander up and down forever.

In the metropolis of the Western world, where so many human interests converge, Mr. Wight set out as one of the knight-errants of literature. He wrote tersely, rapidly, eloquently, and effectively for the "Democratic Review," the "Whig Review,"

and the current magazines. One of the secrets of his success was that he was intensely in earnest. Did you see a son of toil at work, and stop and watch him, with an absorbing interest and a strange fascination? Did you not at some time sit and listen to a man of plain speech talking to those before him, and become so spellbound that you could not get away? Was it not true that the son of toil was terribly in earnest, that the plain speaker meant every word he uttered? The heart of one throbbed and beat in his work; the heart of the other pulsated in his impassioned speech. He too was in terrible earnest, not only because he needed food and raiment, but also because he was truly ambitious for fame.

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree,
O Earth, what changes thou hast seen!
There where the long street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

"The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

VI.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

THE ancestor who fled from the persecutions of religion was religious. He longed for religious liberty, and went westward, from his sea-girt island, to find it. He had dwelt by the sea, which, as it were, beats forever against the breast of the beholder, and gives to his heart its own untamable energy. From the land of religion, song, and philosophy Freedom had taken the white wings of the mariner, and soared across the stormy and perilous ocean. It was there that he could worship the Maker of heaven and earth, in such manner as to

bring the best accord to his own mind and soul. The little bark that had his all to have and hold and bear in safety o'er the sea was tossed by the wild tyrant of the western wave, and brought religion to a shore where freedom dwells.

His descendant was also religious, and had been a deep student of nature. In nature he saw a revelation of the Creator. All nature was reverential, and mutely appealed to man for his adoration of Him who all things did contrive. The God of nature also contrived the mind and soul of man, and put them in the temple of this body. And man is also a revelation, transcendent, mysterious, and wonderful. And through holy men, in past time, God has revealed much of His will and purpose. But beyond and above all that we can see and understand there is a mystery we cannot fathom. That which is and moves where sensation and sense cannot go, we cannot construe to thought. Reason sheds a clear light for a little way, and then we have to walk by faith.

And faith itself comes from a light that shines within. It is above and beyond all sense and all reason, — it is the highest created faculty.

> "When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
> And home to Mary's house return'd,
> Was this demanded, — if he yearn'd
> To hear her weeping by his grave?
>
> "'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
> There lives no record of reply,
> Which telling what it is to die
> Had surely added praise to praise."

To him who rightly doubts, who wisely wants to know, who takes his life on trust, and who will accept the truth, from whatsoever source it comes, and whatever garb it wears, more light will surely shine, — even if it be the inborn light of faith, and knowledge will grow from more to more, and more of reverence in him dwell, — and his mind and soul will make one music as before. One does not dread to live, nor fear to die: and yet one has a nameless sense that he

knows not how the sands of life may run, or how the tides may ebb and flow. He may set his compass right, and steer his bark toward the light that shines the clearest. He may have fair courage, and brave the perils on the wave, — if he were all alone. But to take others along upon the deep, dark sea of life, and set the sails for them when the light winds blow, and reef them close when the tempest roars, is a mighty task, so full of weight and care that it bends low the strongest spirit: —

> "Are God and Nature then at strife?
> That Nature lends such evil dreams?
> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

The conditions, the influences, the relations, and the effects of the eternal law, as it affects the life here and the life hereafter, were subjected to critical and profound study. He who teaches the law must know what the law is, and must know that there is a Lawgiver. He must know that the eternal law runs through the sequence of

spiritual things, that it is the regulator of the eternal order of the divine government. He must realize that the facts under the law are unchangeable as the law itself. And then were seen the following facts, with all their solemn significance: The Lawgiver arranged the law, so that it would have consequences. The consequences of the law are eternal, as the law, — which cannot be broken. But the law can break the one who goes against it, that is, the transgressor. Injuries to the soul are consequences that flow from a life contrary to the law. Yet the law eternal, like the law of gravitation, keeps on in its unchangeable course. For if the law is broken or changed, it from that moment ceases to be a law. And so that which has been done cannot be undone: as a fact, it will stand an eternal monument to good or evil. But yet there is justice — even-handed and eternal justice — that in eternity will make right all earthly wrongs; so that no man will owe anything, — for he will have paid the uttermost farthing. And

justice has a divine paternity; for as we know how to give good gifts, how much more does the infinite Father of justice know how to give good gifts to them that ask Him? And this justice contains the soul of infinite pity, — the pity that is the manifestation of eternal Love: such love as would make a man lay down his life for another. And yet there was a hope born of this love, and a trust enthused in the heart, that, in the eternity to come, evil, having a likeness of the ills and taints of the flesh and blood, would be put under the foot of the Conqueror: —

> "That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroy'd,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete."

VII.

O. W. Wight taught religion for about three years in Newark, New Jersey, under the auspices of the liberal Christians. In addition to the labors of this office he made contributions to current literature, and lectured in various places. In the preceding chapter the general drift and tendency of his religious views, opinions, and beliefs for the time have been set forth. That his mind and heart were not at rest on the vital questions of human destiny will appear more fully in the sequel. He had the reputation of being a logical, forcible, and eloquent speaker. The lectures he delivered before various societies, mostly in New England, made him widely and favorably known, and kindled anew his ambition. From this time on he gave his attention more to general lit-

erature. He translated M. Victor Cousin's work on the "History of Philosophy," which was published by D. Appleton and Co. The translation was approved by Cousin, and was well received by the public. A goodly number of his countrymen rested from their pursuit of material gain, and for a brief time contemplated a graphic picture of the few in the past who had made an attempt to become wise.

The φιλόσοφος: One sees Socrates, with naked feet, in summer and winter, asking the god who is wise, and then going from one reputed wise man to another, putting all sorts of questions to find out who was really wise, and when he met with those only who thought they had wisdom, coming to believe that he alone was wise, since he had discovered that he himself truly knew nothing to speak of, for he was a veritable philosopher: this wonderful man, whom a tragic death helped to make immortal, was so inquisitive and troublesome to his countrymen that they did not know what to do with

him, and when they put him to death, they mourned his departure as an irreparable calamity. One listens to the enchanting voice of Plato, as he walks in the garden and the academic groves, where he discourses on the nature of things, and explains the theory of knowledge, clothing in "winged words" the spirit and beauty of *The Earth* and the music of the spheres, and, in a happy moment, calls him the συνοπτικός, who seeks to know the eternal and immutable principles of the universe. And then Democritus comes into view: he was rich by inheritance, and became poor; at one time he was considered a lunatic, and Hippocrates was sent for to cure him. At another he is said to have "put out" his eyes, in order that he might contemplate the cosmical theory of the universe being made up of ultimate atoms — which were uncreated, uncaused, and eternal, — and which are in motion everlastingly, — and out of which all things, both of matter and of spirit, are shaped, — and from which all perishable motions of the visible earth

and the spheres are correlative, — and to which fall every vestige of utility and every form of beauty: all else is subject to decay, for they alone are imperishable.

And then there follow in the intervening centuries investigations: in the science of the stars; in the revolving system of the sun; in the record written on the rock; in the shifting ice-caps of the telluric poles; in the emerging and submerging of the lands; in the winds that sweep the continents and seas; in the order and sequence of things inanimate; in the stories of the nations as they rise and fall; in the laws of thought that work the human mind; in the arts that make for pleasure and relieve from toil; in the motions of the self-conscious soul of man; in everything on which is marked the stamp of change; in the principles that are immutable and eternal; so many names of the great and good appear that they must be read upon their monuments. The sun-optikos must learn and know about these many things, and co-relate them into one

group, one system, one universe, where nothing stands alone, where all things stand and move together. High aims: To see and know the system of the universe stand and move together with all its parts "according well;" to refuse to take the parts away from the principles and laws that permeate and rule all things; to correct the errors made by special science in its search for truth; — to be the only concrete science, the Science of the sciences, the science which works out the problem from the elements of all knowledge.

"Enter the path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours!"

VIII.

In 1853, O. W. Wight wrote a "Romance of Abelard and Heloise." This work was also published by D. Appleton and Co. It contains many impassioned and eloquent passages, which exhibit the style and methods of the author's earlier writings. In this place, we offer some of these passages: —

"Real romance is in real history. Life, as it is lived, is more wonderful and touching than life as it is shaped by the fancy. History gives us the substance of existence; fiction gives nothing but its shadow. The highest conception of genius is meagre, when compared with the drama that humanity is enacting in time and space.

"Most of us have lived a romance more beautiful and touching than has ever yet been described by the pen of man. Experi-

ence is the light whereby one is able to read all romantic history. We know when the historian writes fiction instead of truth, for within us is a test. Truth to life we always demand. The romancer must faithfully give us the experience of his own heart, or faithfully report the experience of others. Nothing less than the history of real life will satisfy us. Truth is stranger than fiction, and truth we must have."

"Abelard and Heloise were human, and have for us a human interest. In the Middle Age, heaven-facing speakers and actors walked the earth, that looked quite similar to those who are moving to and fro to-day. Man then felt, as he now feels, that it is not good to be alone. Then the precious heart of woman deeply yearned, as it always yearns, for sympathy, with which she is blessed, without which she is wretched. Down upon thy brother and thy sister looked, calmly and sweetly, the same stars, that each night keep watch over thee. The wind that kissed the cold cheek of the Alps

then, kisses it still. The same hymn of nature that now goes up from the hills of New England, and the deep-bosomed forests of the West, to greet the morning, then went up from wold, plain, and mountain, touching the heart of the early worshiper, and melodiously uttering for him the praise that his soul would give to Deity. Then, too, each son of Adam, and each daughter of Eve, needed food and raiment, for which they toiled, slaved, enslaved, trafficked, cheated, stole, talked, wrote, preached, fought, or robbed. The breath of passion swept the chords of life, and the answering tones of joy or woe were heard. Reformers disturbed conservatives in Church and State, and states men preserved kingdoms, as politicians now save the union. Then, too, men wept and prayed, laughed and sung. There were then marriages and giving in marriage, wars and rumors of wars, loves and hates, the cries of childhood and the complainings of age. The enchanting spirit of beauty flooded heaven and earth; and the solemn mystery

of things filled the soul with awe. The old sphinx was still sitting by the wayside, and the children of earth strove to solve the tough and ever recurring problem of destiny. Stars were silent above, graves were silent beneath; and the soul was compelled to answer as she could to the imperative questionings of sense. The Middle Age was an age of humanity, and has an interest for us, for human things touch the heart."

"Abelard comes up from the forests and the villages of Brittany, and gazes upon Paris for the first time with wonder and delight. His blood flowed faster, and his ambition is inflamed anew. How many sons of genius shall follow him — to fame and misery! Dear, deceptive, gay, graceful city! Thou shalt increase in wisdom and beauty, in strength and sin; thou shalt invite the lovers of pleasure from the ends of the earth to enjoy thy charms; thou shalt drink the wine of poesy and wit, and eat the food of learning, and take the lead in the world's civilization; thy night revels shall be revo-

lutions, and thy fair bosom more than once shall be drenched with the blood of heroes contending for thy smile; thou wilt banish thine own children and nourish those that come unto thee from afar; thou shalt be the loved and the envied among the capitals of the nations; but the rose of innocence thou wilt not wear upon thy ravishing breast; thy queenly face shall fade, thou shalt at length sleep with thy elder sisters, with Nineveh, Athens, and Rome; the hand of retribution shall touch thee, and through long years of mourning thou shalt decay; the eyes of strangers shall gaze upon thy ruins, and foreign feet shall tread carelessly upon thy dust!"

"Philosophy as well as war has its heroes. It is difficult to tell whose fame is greater, that of Alexander or that of Plato. War is only the bloody encounter of ideas. The great hero is the representative of a great principle. It was not Cæsar that conquered at Pharsalia; in the person of Cæsar human liberty conquered Roman liberty. Ideas

were at war in Abelard and William of Champeaux. The battle which they were fighting at Paris may have been fraught with greater consequences to the world than that of Arbela or that of Waterloo. . . . That philosophic quarrel at Paris in the first years of the twelfth century was really one of the most important events of the Middle Age. It was the cradle of Scholasticism, and the first decided declaration of the independence of human thought in modern as distinguished from ancient history. After centuries of darkness, there arose once more a champion of inextinguishable reason."

"A religion is the main source of every civilization. Moral force governs the world, directs the course of history. Religion lies at the foundation of the great movements of society. Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Brahminism are means of civilization. Asiatic civilization is as good as Brahminism can make it. If society ever advances there, the East must have a new religion. The Turks and Arabs can never advance until

they lose their reverence for the Prophet and accept a better faith. The civilization of Europe and the United States is the best in the world, because it is the growth of the holiest religion. In those kingdoms and states where society has advanced most, we are sure to find the best form of Christianity.

"The state of society may always be determined by ascertaining the condition of woman. When she is the companion of man, and her relation to him that of equality, then we may be sure that a high point of rational and moral development has been attained. Tardiness of civilization has always been chided by the complaints of woman. She represents the higher sentiments, disinterested love, the benevolent affections, religion, and delicate sensibility, the divinest part of humanity, that part of our nature, advance towards the realization of which in practical life constitutes true progress. When men are brutes women will be slaves. The lords of creation may declare that the

daughters of Eve are inferior to themselves, but such a declaration only shows their own weakness and defects. He who places a light estimate upon things of highest worth proclaims his own ignorance and want of judgment. Man through the frailty of woman publishes his low estimate of all that is holiest in the relations of life. Strike out from existence all that is suggested by the words mother, daughter, sister, wife, and no man would care to live. One half of humanity is man; another, yet equal half, is woman. He who speaks lightly of woman, curses the hand that supported him in the hour of helplessness, pronounces a malediction upon the fair young being that with mingled reverence and trust calls him father, utters blasphemy against the Being who has filled with disinterested affection the bosom of her whose heart beats with blood kindred to his own, and returns hatred for love to her who has bestowed upon him a greater gift than all wealth can buy. He who knows woman in all these relations, however, rarely speaks evil of her."

"Heloise, thy spirit has found the sympathy for which it longed, but delirium flows swift in thy blood, and paints upon thy youthful cheek the crimson of sin. The tongue whose eloquence charms thee is half false; in the gaze that thy lover bends on thee lurks insincerity; there is a wave of scorn in the smile that gives thee such deep joy; there is a tone of hollowness in the heart that beats against thy reclining head; thou art cursed with passion and not blessed with love. These days of intoxicating pleasure are swiftly passing; the Eden in which thou art standing shall soon be metamorphosed; its bright colors shall fade, its music shall cease, the warmth of its atmosphere shall turn to chilliness, its rich fruits shall vanish, and around thee on every side shall be desolation as far as the eye can reach. We pity thee, but cannot greatly blame; the earth is cursed beneath thee, but heaven, with its mercy, is above thee still!"

"We pity thee, Abelard; yet it seems to be the hand of eternal justice that is laid

upon thee. Words of solemn import were unheeded by thee, — words written by the finger of the Infinite, — Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. This is but the beginning of calamities; torture of soul, far more insupportable than torture of the body, awaits thee. No hero, no martyr art thou, suffering for obedience to the just and the true; but a violator of the high law of brotherhood, bearing the penalty of misdeeds. We must remind thee that the universe is constructed on a basis of rectitude, and resign thee to thy fate. Many will charge us with severity towards Abelard; but we cannot in conscience address him otherwise. We believe in driving money-changers out of the temple of God, in crying 'Woe' into the ears of scribes and Pharisees, in laying the rod on the backs of fools. Mercy should always temper justice; but we open wide the floodgates of evil when we dethrone justice, and shield the criminal from the penalty of his crime. Our times are cursed with a kind of

nerveless sentimentality, that whines over the scoundrel, and has no pity on society that he scourges beyond measure. Would to Heaven that the punishment which overtook Abelard might be sternly visited, by legislative enactment, on every lawless breaker of the household gods!"

"These love-letters, purified by Catholic incense, will remind you of the ancient Spanish toils, under which Zurbaran seems to gather all the shades and all the melancholies of earth, in order to console them from on high by a luxurious hope, and by the splendor of beatitude. God is not there, although we see only Him; man only is there, though we see him not. Over those pages, so nobly refused for the expression of human suffering, roll invisible years. All the branches of that myrtle, when you touch them, sigh and groan. Stop before the gladiator, after he has been overcome in the arena: examine his face, — not a muscle is contracted; you listen at his mouth for a complaint, an imprecation, a word which will

be the epopee of all his griefs, — the word does not come; you hold your breath; the patient is about to die; he is dead; and you have heard nothing. And nevertheless you find that all has not been told. A truth, until then unperceived, has just been revealed to you: The calmness of the man appears to be more terrible than the tempest, and it is not without fright that you contemplate that impassive exterior, when you see within him his heart in agony, his hopes wounded to death until the last, and his mind in tears, — all filled with a dear image, and the rending agonies of an eternal adieu."

"May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads;
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
Oh, may we never love as these have loved!
From the full choir when loud hosannahs rise,

And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more ;
Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost ;
He best can paint them who shall feel the most."

IX.

The steamship which heaves upon and ploughs the mobile waters of the sea, carrying in safety the pride, the hope, the love of a thousand hearts, with its beams and planks of oak and steel, conceived by the mind and genius of man, and shaped by his dexterous and skillful hand, compact and strong, and faithful in every part, a thing of beauty and of power, that braves the perils of the deep, and battles with the rolling waves, — the steamship, as time goes on and as it wanders back and forth, strains, and wears, and tears, and breaks, and finally goes to pieces on the strand, or falls beneath the silent deep; and when his time has come, so falls man.

In the spring of 1853, O. W. Wight went from Boston to Liverpool in eleven days, on the steamer Niagara. With little delay he

made a pilgrimage to places consecrated by favorite poets: the rose-bush planted by Mrs. Hemans; Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived, wrote, and died; the scenes among which Coleridge lived and struggled; the untimely grave of Hartley Coleridge; the beautiful streams so often waded by Christopher North; the Falls of Lodore, that made music for Southey, were all visited with varied emotions of a poetic imagination. "Lakes and fields and mountains, forming exquisitely beautiful and picturesque landscapes, seemed . . . to have been planted there at the dawn of creation, on purpose for the great poets that were to come in these latest times." Then he "traveled all over Scotland and looked much upon one of the fairest lands of earth:" The scenes and places described by Sir Walter Scott, and the soil consecrated by the feet of Robert Burns, made new and strange impressions upon the heart and soul of one who had long desired to visit them. On the shores of Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch

Leven, and Loch Arne, there was a new sunshine; there was another music in the wind; a gentler motion seized upon the leaves; the birds sang sweeter songs; and all the way was carpeted with joy: and one knows not what change had been wrought in the beholder, as memory, from these enchanting lakes, ran across the intervening sea to the autumnal skies that o'er-arched the shores and waters of Lake Erie.

Mr. Wight had previously collected and edited the miscellaneous philosophical papers of Sir William Hamilton: this work was used as a text-book in some of our schools. When he arrived in Edinburgh, Sir William sent him a cordial invitation to spend a week with him at Largo, whither he had gone for his vacation. He found the household of the renowned philosopher one of the most beautiful, refined, and cultured, that ever existed, and there met several of the professors of Edinburgh University. Soon after he went to London, where, at the special request of M. Cousin, he translated his

admirable work on "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good," and dedicated it to Sir William Hamilton, in terms eliciting his eulogy. "Hamilton had reviewed Cousin's system with great severity in the 'Edinburgh Quarterly,' which provoked the wrath of the mercurial Frenchman." But after the dedi cation of Cousin's volume, "there followed a correspondence which ended in a treaty of peace between these two eminent philosophers."

Before leaving Edinburgh he received an invitation to dine with De Quincey, who lived at Lasswade about eight miles away. On his way over country roads and fragrant meadows, near their home, he met De Quincey's two daughters, who conducted him to a neat little brick cottage, standing by a swift flowing brook, making soft water-fall music, as it gently broke over the rocks. They led him into a small, plainly-furnished drawing-room, informing him that their father would soon appear. For a long time the conversation turned upon the lake

district of England and the famous poets, — "when there glided noiselessly into the room a little, weird-looking old man, saffron-colored, with unkempt hair, dirty collar, long snuff-brown coat, feet sliding about in large India-rubber galoshes, and extended to me a wee, fleshless hand, more like a bird-claw than 'the prehensile organ of man's supremacy.' The daughters seated him in one corner of a large armchair, where he sank almost out of sight." At the close of a simple and excellent dinner, De Quincey, excusing himself, "took from his vest pocket a pill of opium as large as a small hickory-nut and swallowed it. Soon his large head began to waver on his small neck, and he laid it down on his thin arms folded over one corner of the table." In the mean time they returned to their beloved lake poets, and when the guest was about to take his leave, De Quincey entered the drawing-room again, and soon dozed in the large armchair, while they went on with their romantic talk. "Soon, however, the withered divinity

showed signs of awakening," when he read, imitating the author's voice, Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," and, "as he closed the book, a strange light seemed to glow through his eyes and illuminate his face. He began to talk with a voice that seemed to flow out of the unknown, low, mellifluous, ceaseless, filling one with awe. We listened almost breathless, and soon found ourselves at his feet, looking into his transfigured face, like entranced children. On, on, he discoursed, as I have never heard mortal discourse, before or since. If one could imagine all the wisdom, sentiment, and learning to be crushed from De Quincey's many volumes of printed books and to be poured out in a continuous stream, he might form some conception of that long discourse, how long we know not. It was a prolonged and intensified *suspiria de profundis*. When the monologue ceased, the poor, exhausted old man of genius had a tallow dip lighted to show me through the trees to the road-side gate. I took my leave of the little house-

hold who had entertained me with a true banquet of the gods, and walked to Edinburgh, in the beautiful Scotch gloaming, beholding on the way the great sun rising, full-orbed from the distant sea, and meditated on many things."

He went next to York and Manchester, and through Wales to Dublin, and thence to Killarney, whose lakes are as beautiful as the lochs of Scotland. He writes: "During a morning walk from the village of Killarney, through the pass of Dunloe, to the upper lake, a distance of eighteen miles, I counted over four hundred beggars, most of them children, some of whom followed me for hours. They were in tatters, and begged from necessity, and not professionally. It was impossible to relieve the distress of so many. Their naked limbs, sunken eyes, and lean faces proclaimed the woes of Ireland more eloquently than whole volumes of sensational literature. Indeed, the people of the Emerald Isle have suffered more oppression and wrong than any other people under the sun except the Jews."

He hastened to London, and during a three months' stay, had the good fortune to meet a number of eminent men: Mr. Gilbart, a bank-manager, and a financial writer, a member of many learned societies of London, took him to the annual dinner of the Royal Geographical Society. "There were seventeen at dinner, with Prince Albert in the chair. The dinner was faultless, and the propriety of the occasion was maintained with a dignity bordering on solemnity." Bulwer was "a polished and accomplished dandy, whose novels are sifted over with the diamond dust of sensuousness more seductive to susceptible minds than the shameless realism of Zola. And Thackeray was a man who seemed very stately and reserved, having a towering genius, and a mighty sorrow in his heart. Thomas Carlyle, at whose house were Mill, Froude, and Herbert Spencer, when he began his customary monologue on the superiority of silence to speech, and when he was boldly interrupted by the Yankee philosopher: —

"Carlyle talking refutes his own doctrines of silence. To us his speech is as great as the deeds of a hero. We have two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, and one tongue, — doubtless, that we may see, hear, walk, and do twice as much as we say; yet the organ of speech has its legitimate office and must not be cheated out of its single share. I grant that we have silly talking in mournful abundance; and have we not also silly doing, moving, hearing, seeing, and the silence of fools? As the man is, so will his product be, whether of speech or anything else; his actions will show, and his words report, the quality of the soul. The poet that sings of Agamemnon's deeds must share the hero's fame. Which was greater, the philosophizing Plato, or the governing Pericles? Was the doing of Hildebrand superior to the singing of Dante? Was Cromwell, in action, stronger and wiser than Shakespeare in talk? The *Word* created the world.

"Are not the dreams of Goethe equal to

the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus? Was not the brain of Scaliger as strong as the hand of Augustus II., the Saxon prince, who twisted the iron banister into a rope? From the highest talk and action to the lowest, there is an infinite gradation, through the good, the instructive, the useful, the prudent, the amusing, the exemplary, the innocent, the weak, the foolish, the stupid, the profane, the conceited, the bigoted, etc."

At the close of the year, from London, "where everything under the sun is to be had by him who can pay for it and who knows how to find it," Mr. Wight went to Paris, taking with him a letter of introduction to Madame Mohl, from his good friend Angus Fletcher. "The letter was a key to unlock good Parisian society." Madame Mohl, whose husband was one of the immortal forty of the French Academy, was the successor to Madame Recamier, and hers may be regarded as the last saloon of an earlier régime. She took him to the annual meeting of the French Academy, where the

"immortal forty" were seen in all their glory.

He has given brief reminiscences of Victor Cousin, M. Lamartine, De Lamennais, and Leon Gambetta. Every Saturday afternoon he visited M. Cousin, who had rooms at the Sorbonne. He wrote: "When I went to take my leave of M. Cousin, on my return to America, in the spring, he made to me a very amusing little speech, — amusing to me, sincere enough on his part. He kissed me on both cheeks, after the French fashion, and said among other things, 'Do not fall into the great tide of Materialism in America; persevere in the study of spiritualistic philosophy; in short, follow the great examples of your distinguished countrymen, George Washington and Professor Tappan.'"

"I was talking one evening with M. Lamartine and his wife, when a page from 'Le Temps' newspaper called for promised copy. He had not written a word of it. Requesting me to continue my conversation

with Madame, he seated himself at his writing desk, and within thirty minutes handed the page a bundle of manuscript which made over two columns of sprightly reading in the newspaper of the next morning." "The first time I visited Père-la-Chaise was as one of the fourteen followers of De Lamennais to his grave. After a life of controversy he had reached his final rest. He was one of the most gifted men in France, but did not succeed, as no man has ever succeeded, in making the world believe that his own mind was the yardstick of the universe, to measure all things, the Church as well as the State. In his last days he had been despondent and, I was informed, somewhat reckless. He was under the ban of the Church, and some one, I have forgotten who, pronounced a funeral oration at his sepulture. In a long conversation, late one morning, over a cup of coffee, Gambetta denounced the Emperor in the most energetic terms, applying to him epithets of the most opprobrious kind. He

cursed the people of France for submitting to such an usurper. I closed the conversation by saying to him, 'Young man, in due time, Louis Napoleon will either hang you, or you will dethrone him.'"

Long afterwards he wrote: "Important business called me unexpectedly home in the early spring. I took passage on the ill-fated steamship 'City of Glasgow,' but a slight accident detained me, and the agents of the line changed my ticket to the 'City of Manchester,' which sailed a few days later. The passage was of eighteen days' duration, against a fierce battalion of equinoctial gales. The 'Glasgow' was never heard of after sailing from Liverpool. Sometimes one's life hangs by a slender thread of circumstances, admonishing us to treat with gravity our smallest actions. Whether it would have been better for me to have perished with the ship in the great deep, He only knows by whom the hairs of our heads are numbered."

X.

At the close of the preceding chapter we find four things that are suggestive: The important business which induced Mr. Wight to hasten home; the narrow escape from being engulphed in the sea; the fact that we should treat with gravity our smallest actions; and the infinite care of Him who only knows what is good for us.

In the last statement there is a deep, pathetic meaning: it was written more than thirty years after the occasion which inspired it, — when destiny had brought all it could, when memory ran back through all the busy intervening years, when the heart had suffered under the burden of a great sorrow, when a wearied life was coming to an end, when the patient soul had been silent for long years, and when the

spirit, looking into the eternity beyond, was forced to breathe a wish, or perhaps utter a regret. Almost in the shadow of the myrtle that was laid up on his casket by loving hands, he seemed to say: If the cup from which I drank could have been filled with the lethal waters of the deep sea, and if I could have fallen to my final rest on that day of storm and tempest when the ill-fated steamer was crushed into oblivion by the pitiless waves, I would gladly give up all I have done and suffered. But this was not so: the wish was not quite expressed; the regret was not fully spoken; for all that had been was left with Him by whom the hairs of our heads are numbered.

As we look upon the endless manifestations going on around us, and as we reason in regard to the ceaseless and eternal order of the universe, we see a process of evolution which is the expression of an unalterable Providence. And this means that all things are related to God's government, and are under his watchful and protecting care.

If He illumines the soul, let the light shine for others; if He inspires the mind with great thoughts, tell them to the children of men; if He fills the heart with immortal love, let it break, so that others may learn to be content with their lot. The bow of promise set on yonder cloud vanishes; the leaf and the flower dissolve into their elements; the nations fall into the silence of history; and the godlike form of man mingles with the dust out of which it was created: and these are but steps in the great mystery of which we too make a part, — a part of that wonderful evolution submissive to the hand of an immutable Providence.

One who has not braved the storm-troubled ocean, who has not "heard the headlong South-wind fiercely sweep," and wrestle with the northern blast; who has not seen "the wild tyrant of the western wave" lift the treacherous sea on high, does not know, cannot know, how great is the triumph of man's genius, that has wrought the fabric of the steamship which has conquered the rest-

less spirit of the deep, and can bear the priceless burden of the hearts we love in safety from shore to shore. Man's genius has constructed a form, in every part, so compact, so adapted, and so adequate, that one may say: —

"Here 's a *fabric* that implies eternity."

The important business: He had been engaged to a young lady for several years. "The marriage had been put off from time to time on account of her health." Her mother had represented to him that her daughter was afflicted with hysteria. Her brothers and sisters and father were all dead. She was the only living child. At this time the mother also died, leaving her daughter alone, — her lover being on the other side of the ocean. On receipt of the news of her bereavement he hastened home to her. Had he been on the ill-fated "Glasgow," she would have waited in vain for his return. An accident, trivial enough, left him to cross the stormy Atlantic, — to sail a long, weary voyage against the battalions

of fierce gales on another sea, that "meets the o'erarching heaven on every side."

He reached America about the first of April, 1854. His affianced was alone, waiting for him. She had a severe illness soon after his arrival, and he watched at her bedside for forty-eight hours. He met the family physician, and anxiously inquired in regard to the nature of her malady. He was always assured that she was a sufferer from hysteria, and that in time everything would be all right. The privileges of a confidential relation, on the part of the physician, were not implied; on this point there was no plea. And so with full trust, with high hopes, and believing in his destiny, on the Saturday preceding the fifteenth of May, 1854, he was married: his wife was twenty-three, and he was thirty years of age. She had inherited a moderate fortune. He had an income from the sale of his books. The future was bright and filled with the visions of success, happiness, and noble aims. In the past, his ambition had been realized,

— but more was to come. He was gifted, and a favorite of fortune, — so it seemed.

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find ;
Lo ! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go ;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain ?

"What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss ?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this ;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings."

Almost immediately after marriage he and his wife embarked for Europe. In due time the steamer reached Liverpool, and they went directly to the famous "Lake District" of England. About a month after marriage, his wife was, one day, at Berwick, stricken down at his feet with a fit of epilepsy. "Attack followed attack, until she had seventeen in the course of the night."

He stood alone by her bedside, amazed, bewildered, becrushed, during that long, dreadful, and lonely night, turning gray ere the sun rose o'er England's poetic landscapes. Her fearful disease had been concealed from him by her parent and her physician. If her parents had been living, it would have been his duty to take her home to them, and never have seen her again in this world. But she was an orphan and alone. *She* had not been to blame. That dreadful night, on bended knees before God, he adopted her as his child. And never a word of reproach to her on account of the *concealment* escaped his lips, during all the lonely and trying years that have since come and gone. And from that hour, he was an affectionate parent to her, "father and mother in one," as she, in her lucid moments, has a thousand times, with gushing tears, expressed it; and during many of the lonely intervening years, he was sole nurse to her, — patiently, tenderly, uncomplainingly performing offices for her that no money could

procure. He wandered over Europe nearly four years taking his ward and patient with him to many eminent physicians, hoping that perchance her disease might be cured. It had existed from her infancy, and was incurable, as every physician knew, and unfitted her for the duties of life: neither by man's law, nor by the divine law, could she be either wife or mother. For the hapless and the helpless, in whom reason never sat rightly on her throne, what more could mortal do?

Such is the briefly told story of the early days of a wedded life, stranger than fiction, realistic in the extreme, and intensely tragic. And there is another story that may be briefly told: after his death it was found inclosed with an article from his pen on marriage and divorce. It runs as follows: A highly respectable young man was engaged to be married to a young lady of high social standing, and the nuptials were to take place on a certain day. Everything went happily, and he was looking forward

to a happy life, when the expectant bridegroom, two days before the appointed time, made the startling and shocking discovery that his affianced was subject to periodical fits, which the best scientific skill had failed to cure. When in a fit she would utter fearful cries, and become extremely violent, requiring strong men to hold her; she would fall down insensible, and the paroxysm was followed by great physical exhaustion, leaving her weak and fretful for days afterward; she was truly an object of pity, causing her family many anxious hours, — but there was a hope that time and skillful treatment would make her fits less frequent and less violent. She had the "falling sickness:" it was epilepsy, — a disease so fearful, as Dr. Watson says, that "the beasts of the field flee in terror at the characteristic cry of one seized with it." And over the door, by which one enters to the full embrace of this dreadful malady, is written: "Let those who enter here leave all hope behind."

On the day mentioned, while paying her a visit, her great malady seized her, and laid her writhing at his feet. He was horrified at the fearful spectacle. He questioned the family, and then the dreadful story was told, — "and the discovery shook his reason." The next day he wandered from home, with a disordered mind. He went from place to place, no one knows where. His mind and soul could not make one music as before. On the night of that day — *dies ira*, *dies illa* — a deck-hand of a ferry-boat noticed and watched a young man excitedly pacing up and down the deck, and when he tried to throw himself overboard seized him and saved his life. "He begged piteously to be released, saying that life was no longer of any value to him, and offered those who held him twenty-five dollars to let him commit suicide." He was given in charge of the police, who found on his person twenty-five dollars, a pint of brandy, and a loaded revolver, which he requested the officer to keep to save him from temptation. He was dis-

charged from custody the next morning, and was seen in the afternoon, near the Hudson River, by one who knew him. This was the last trace of him. On that night, which took him into its shadowy arms, without feeling and without pity, he dropped into eternal silence.

XI.

As we have already chronicled, Mr. Wight had returned to the famous Lake District of England, where he remained a short time. Thence he traveled rapidly over England again, making a brief stay in London. He crossed the Channel to Calais. He went through Belgium, visiting Ghent, Louvain, Brussels, Aachen, Cologne and its unfinished cathedral, sailing up the Rhine to Bonn, Coblenz, and Mayence, passing the summer residence of the Prussian kings, embowered above the vine-terraced banks of the river. Going on by railroad to Heidelberg, Baden, and Basel, and through the Jura Mountains to Lausanne, he reverently visited the particular spot where Gibbon wrote his mighty history. Over beautiful Lake Leman he went to Geneva, and made

"a pilgrimage to Ferney, where Voltaire lived so many years, stirring up all Europe with a literature abounding in amazing wealth of sarcastic denunciation of what he regarded as oppression, wrong, inhumanity, error, and superstition."

At Geneva he studied John Calvin's book called the "Institutes," and became interested in his work, as a law-giver, as a ruler of men, as one having the genius and the power to subject and govern the turbulent and rascally Genevese, and reduce them to order and decency of living, compelling them to obey the eternal law of God. He had been terribly prejudiced against John Calvin by the oft-told story of Servetus, who had preached "damnable heresy," and proclaimed theosophic theories that threatened to subvert moral order and the foundations of Church and State. But "nothing occurred to Calvin to do but to follow the many examples of his hard age, to put the dangerous theosophist on top of a wood-pile and burn him up."

At the close of a glorious summer and a gilded autumn, he left the wonderland of the Alps, and went down the Rhone, through leafless vineyards, to Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles, an old city founded by the Greeks not long after the fabled nursing of Romulus and Remus by the female wolf on the site of future Rome. A long journey by diligence took him to Nice, where he spent the rest of the winter, where he met ex-President Van Buren, and whence, in the spring, while the orange trees were in blossom, he went to Turin. There he had the good fortune to meet Count Cavour, and hear him make a speech in the Senate. He was one of the greatest statesmen of our time, and "it was fortunate for Italy that he lived long enough to lay the solid foundation of her unity."

In his book, "A Winding Journey around the World," he tells the following story: "From Turin I went to Alexandria, and thence northward to the terminus of the railroad at a little village on the western

shore of Lake Maggiore. It was raining fearfully on my arrival, and a bitter wind was blowing from the great, white, snow-clad Alps. At the only inn of the village I inquired the price of a room. One always makes such an inquiry in Italy, if he is at all prudent. The proprietor said it was twenty francs a day not including meals. I told him I would not pay the extortionate price. He shrugged his shoulders and responded that there was no other hotel in the place, and that the train did not return till the next day, at the same time directing attention to the driving rain outside. I took my gripsack in my hand and walked down to the shore of the lake, where I bargained with three fishermen, who had a strong boat, to row me to the other side. I took the helm and the three stalwart fellows rowed bravely through the waves three miles to a town on the opposite shore. They hurried away on landing, and I was taken in charge by two Austrian soldiers, who conducted me, dripping wet, before the commandant of

the border military post. My passport was promptly demanded, which had been recently *viséd* at Turin by the American chargé d'affaires and the Austrian ambassador. The officer was not satisfied with the passport alone, but subjected me to a searching crossexamination, questioning me in German, English, French, and Italian. It happened that I could answer him in whatever speech he used. His questions were answered promptly and courteously. At length I explained to him how I came to cross the frontier between Italy and Austrian territory at such an inauspicious time. In a sort of apologetic way he said that political propagandists resorted to any means of entering the country, and that he was obliged to obey orders by exercising a sharp scrutiny. I responded, a little significantly, that I was not an enemy of Austria, especially while in Austria, and requested him to send a soldier with me to show me to the best hotel. Taking my leave, I invited him to call on me at the hotel and drink a bottle of wine with me.

He sent up his card in the evening, and we had a long, pleasant conversation over a bottle of sparkling d'Asti, during which he told me a good deal more about the relations of Austria and Italy than his government would have approved."

The next day the Italian sun shone out brightly, and he went on to Como, Milan, Verona, Vincenza, Padua, and Venice. These cities "recall the tumultuous history of twenty centuries, and still contain the monuments and art treasures of many vanished generations." How we begin to realize that there are other workers on this planet besides ourselves! And then we understand that we have inherited the past. And so we see that we may contribute something to the future. He writes: "One picture among many that I saw in Venice struck my imagination very vividly, and has been a mental possession for me ever since; that was a portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, by Titian, in the private gallery of the Manfrini palace. Even now, after more than

thirty years, I can shut my eyes and contemplate it in all its exquisite details. Afterwards, at Rome, I added to my private gallery Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," and the "Taking down from the Cross," of Daniele da Volterra. Again, at Dresden, I added Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto." This little collection of great pictures hang imperishably in my brain, and I would not exchange it for any gallery in the world. In the night, when I cannot sleep, I only have to close my eyes firmly in order to *see* my precious pictures, which I expect to carry with me into the next world. This may be a species of madness; if it is, I prefer it to sanity."

In the days of a rapid journey to and fro, through northern Italy, amid the vales and hills, where came the invaders to overthrow old Rome, he learned many things strange and new, and "began to realize how little travelers who are not students of history, whose eyes have not been unsealed by the great poets and painters to the mysterious

beauties of nature, — how little they can learn and know of the beauties and wonders of these eastern lands. The soul of the world reveals something of itself to the seer, only a shadowy little of which he can convey to others by means of color, form, or winged words."

He went to spend the summer at the Baths of Lucca, in the Apennines, where was the summer residence of the Tuscan count. There, under a good master, he made a critical study of the Italian language, which he could already speak and read. Again he writes: "'All went merry as a marriage bell,' till the cholera came in August. I saw terrified Italians lie down on the grass by the roadside and die with it in half an hour. Friends, whom one saw well at evening, were dead with it in the morning. Two or three thousand summer visitors fled, no one seemed to know whither. In Florence, fifty miles away, over fifteen per cent. of the population perished with the pestilence. I went with the brave, good parish priest, day

after day, to visit his dying people. By-and-by, I too had the disease. My friend, the priest, came to see me and offer the consolations of religion. 'Do you think, good father,' I said to him, 'if I were to die now, God would damn me?' He looked at me pathetically, and responded, 'I don't know; I know I would not; and God is better than I am.'"

"Then spake the prince: 'Is this the end which comes
To all who live?'
'This is the end that comes
To all,' quoth Channa; 'he upon the pyre —
. . . . . .
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
Then came — who knows? — some gust of jungle-wind,
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fish-bone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead.'"

After having learned to appreciate sculpture in Florence, and having been taught

the wonderful lesson of how much man can tell his fellow-man by exquisite forms cut in marble, he went to Rome, the *Eternal City*, which is the centre of the world, and looked upon it with feelings impossible to describe. He remained there many months, devoting every day to the study of its ruins, antiquities, museums, churches, and treasures of art. The vastness of Rome at first discouraged him, but working like the elements, *making no haste*, *taking no rest*, he added little by little to his conquest of knowledge. Says he: "Rome did for me in architecture what Florence had done for me in sculpture. With the help of Canina's superb drawings I reconstructed in imagination all the important buildings of ancient Rome, out of their ruins. The dull details of the guide-books, bewildering and stupefying when studied alone, afforded clews that led up to fruitful results when followed with the aid of a book of real genius. Dead ruins seemed to stir with life when viewed in the light shed on them by Goethe, and miscellaneous

miles of broken marble figures in the Vatican seemed to have a resurrection when breathed upon by the spirit of Winckelmann. . . . There were at Rome many eminent artists, who were very polite to travelers, among whom I formed several very pleasant acquaintances. Their society was especially useful to a student who was not contented with mere guidebook information."

From Rome he journeyed to Naples. Thence he made an excursion to Sicily on post-horses across the island and around the base of Mount Etna. He kept on to Catania, Messina, and Riggio, "the southernmost city of Italy, from whose orange groves the view at morning and evening, along the eastern shore of Sicily, with smoking Mount Etna in the distance, was as enchanting as one's dreams of Paradise." Again going northward with post-horses through Rome, Sienna, Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Mantua, Verona, Venice, to Lago di Garda, he "took a boat and

sailed sixty miles into the bosom of the Alps."

He writes: "At Mals, on the way, I engaged of an innkeeper a suitable vehicle and went over the Stelvio Pass to the Baths of Bormio, in Italy. It is the highest road in Europe, thirty-five miles long, built by the Austrian government for military purposes, at a cost of thirty-five millions of florins. The vast Oertler glacier, the grandest in all the Alps, was seen from all points of view, while ascending the mighty mountain, in places steep as a house-roof, by a series of zigzags made with engineering skill. If you can imagine Niagara Falls to be twenty times higher, several times wider, many times vaster in every way, and to be suddenly frozen solid, you form some conception of the Oertler glacier. Human speech cannot describe the grandeur of the view from the top of the pass. On the Italian side, slender, rocky, mountain spines, ice-clad in all their depressed interspaces, looked like a city of cathedrals in

the sky, extending on either hand as far as the eye could reach. With a good glass, one could see the marble dome of Milan Cathedral and the waters of the Mediterranean flashing in the southern sun. In strange contrast, the forests of the Tyrolese side presented an interminable sea of softest green, broken here and there by cleared spaces with their villages, like irregular patches of gold set in emerald.

"My driver proved to be a drunkard. He nursed a black bottle all the way up the mountain, and when we reached the summit he was not in a condition to guide his horses along a precipice more than fifteen hundred feet plumb down. Neither would he give up the reins to me. The only alternative was to pitch him out into the snow and drive myself. I drove down on the Italian side till I reached the first Austrian military station, three miles below. . . . The enraged driver came up on foot while I was drinking a bottle of wine with the commandant of the station. At my

request he was locked up in the guard-house, on bread and water, and the polite Austrian officer detailed a soldier to drive me down to Bormio. The next morning, on my return, the fellow was let out, quite sober and very penitent. He drove me back to Mals, without further mishap."

Botzen, Innsbruck, and Salzburg were visited, and then Ischl, in upper Austria, the summer resort of the imperial court. From this place delightful excursions were made among the Styrian Alps. "In one of these excursions," says he, "I fell upon the Austrian emperor and his suite of Jägers. We took a midday meal in a mountain inn at a common table. It was the custom of the dull host to collect a florin from each guest during the meal. The good-natured emperor handed a florin over his shoulder, remarking: 'I suppose I must pay like the rest.' The handsome empress, an excellent horsewoman, looked very gay with her attendants, as the shadows began to stretch themselves

along the picturesque roads in the after part of the day."

At the close of summer he went back to Salzburg, and thence to Lake Königsee, over lofty mountains through Rosenheim to Munich, where he remained a few weeks to study Bavarian art. "It amused me," says he, "very much to see in a fresco, on the wall of a recently built church, the devil painted with the head of Goethe. The great German poet will live long after frescoes and church have crumbled into dust. It is not worth our while to lose temper over such impotent attempts to defame immortal genius."

The traveler went on through Augsburg, Donauwerth, Ratisbon, down the "blue" Danube to Vienna, and thence to Buda-Pesth, where he saw the Emperor Franz Joseph and his brother, the unfortunate Maximilian, "disembark from the royal yacht and drive up the long hill to the castle of Buda. The two, sitting side by side, drove in an open barouche, without guards

or attendants. The multitude was so dense that they frequently crowded persons in front between the wheels of the barouche, when the attentively observing monarch would touch the coachman with a light bamboo cane, as a signal to stop, till the unfortunates could extricate themselves. There was not at that time another sovereign in all Europe who could have thus trusted himself to his own people. And that, too, was not very long after the great Hungarian revolution. The young men were brave, and the high-strung Hungarians would not disgrace themselves by touching a hair of the undefended emperor's head, although at heart they might have hated him."

He retraced his steps to Vienna, and thence went on to Dresden, Berlin, Potsdam, and back to Dresden for the winter. At the outset he procured a proper master and entered upon a systematic study of the German language. "The society of Dresden was charming, and its rich picture gallery was constantly attractive. The theatre, taken all

in all, was then the best in Germany. The best plays of Shakespeare, in Schlegel and Finck's excellent translation, with such actors as Davidson and Devrienne, were put upon the stage thoroughly and well. The interpretation of Shakespeare by Gervinus, the best critic of the great dramatist in any language, was carefully studied. Every presentation of a play threw new light upon it from the highest intellectual standpoint. The best dramas of Schiller and Goethe were put upon the stage, to the satisfaction of very exacting audiences."

In the spring he left Dresden, and went, by way of Leipsic, Hanover, and Dusseldorf, to London, to superintend the publication of a book he had written during his travels in Europe. It was published by Mr. Bentley, "anonymously in two volumes," and "was reasonably successful." The only copy of this work existing in America is in the possession of the author of these memoirs. It is a philosophical fiction of no ordinary merit, and would not quite suit the taste of

the reader accustomed to be pleased with the exciting literature of the present. It has been revised by its author, and a probable intention to republish it may be carried out some day.

From London he went to France, made the tour of Normandy, then hastened to Paris, where he remained till late in the autumn. "One of the memorable sights in Paris was a grand review of the veteran French army, on its return from the Crimean war. Of one regiment, only three soldiers survived, who marched in their places, with wide intervals, indicating by the vacant spaces the everlastingly absent. I was near the emperor, and saw the tears roll down his cheeks at the pathetic sight."

"After the leaves had fallen, I returned to America. My last absence had been nearly four years. My pleasant *wanderjahre* were ended, and before me was an unknown future of toil."

XII.

Once there was a man who had not where to lay his head. He was a wanderer through many lands, all his life long. He was a pilgrim from the cradle to the grave. Many lonely years went by, as his weary feet pressed upon the sands of time. His life was one long, pathetic story of one who loved home, and who never had one. He was the immortal author of "Home, Sweet Home."

In the winter of 1859, Mr. Wight reached Boston, and in a few days went on to New York. Soon after, he purchased a house in First Place, Brooklyn. In this city he lived during the rest of the winter. When spring came he advertised for a small cottage situated in the country near New York. He received, among many replies, one from the village of Rye, on the border

of Long Island Sound. On visiting the place, he found that the cottage suited him. He hired it, and moved there for the summer. A railroad ran through the village, and so it was easy to reach from the city. There were many pleasant drives about the country. The air was invigorating, and the soil was dry and healthy. The salt-water bathing was good, and the beach was not far away. He sold his house in Brooklyn, and never returned there to live. His idea was that he could take care of his ward and patient with more success in the country, — for so he called her who had been united to him by the solemn rites of the church as his wife, and whom, after his marriage, he had found to be an incurable epileptic, even from her earliest infancy. At Rye he was near enough to New York to make it easy for him to carry forward his plans in regard to literary work.

In the ages past, where was once the stillness of the sea, and where at a later time the great ice-river, slowly, silently, and with

resistless energy, rolled down from the North-land to meet the restless, aggressive, and relentless tides and waves, there was a mighty war of the elements; and in the ages that have come there is the solid land. Now the soft arms of the inner sea embrace the capes and jutlands along the tide-washed shore, where reigns a long peace for the advantage of man. This shore, "lying low," was once mantled by the great ice-river that came down from the northern ice-sea. The ice-river, "making no haste, taking no rest," on its way to the prehistoric sea, wrote the telluric history of vanished ages upon the rocks and boulders that, like graven tablets, lie scattered here and there amidst the ruins of the past. "O Earth! what changes thou hast seen!" Where once the tides in the ancient sea and the ice-river, like mighty giants, contended for the mastery, there the earth, weary of the trouble, rose up and vanquished them both. All along this low, rocky shore that Long Island barricades from the turbulent and stormy Atlantic,

miles upon miles from New York, are built the habitations of men. For the most part these men are ignorant of the wondrous history written in the soil and on the rocks upon which they daily tread. What matters this to them? They have no hunger, no thirst, for such food and drink. How strangely different are men! One sees in Nature a storehouse full of grain; another sees a soul, speech, music, order, and everlasting motion.

About twenty-five or thirty miles from New York, where the telluric forces were busy in the ages past, scooping out hollows for rivulets and sea-arms, and heaping up rocks and boulders that were borne down upon the great ice-river, is located the pleasant village of Rye, on a vale which runs along to the tide-water. There the ice-king came down the frozen river, in the glacial ages, and brought great loads of grim, graven rocks and boulders, and piled them up in scattered heaps; and the mighty Norse god came along with him, holding his mighty

hammer in his sinewy hand, and smote the rocks into pieces, which he scattered as he pursued his journey. In the fullness of time, when the Norse god and the ice-king went away, driven before the headlong south wind, spring and summer planted the primeval forest. After that, as time went on, man cut down the oak, the beech, and the maple, and cast them into the fire. Then mother Earth, grieving over her loss, evolved from her mysterious energies the mournful evergreen, and there grew the cedar.

The old post-road ran along in front of the base of a rocky bank, which rose abruptly some twenty-five or more feet, overlooking the setting sun. From the crest of this bank the rock-strewn surface sloped gently toward the road that curved to the border of the sound. We frequently wandered over this wild landscape, and talked about its formation during the long years of the glacial age. It was a charming place, especially when the afternoon sun began to make long

shadows with the evergreen cedars. One found a few gray old fruit-trees, covered with hoary moss, bearing scattered leaves, which vainly tried to hide bitter, untempting apples, one sided, rough, and rugged as the rocks upon which they fell. The first rays of the rising sun played through the trees and over the rocks. The place was in the midst of things, and yet so secluded that the passer-by could not intrude. It was almost a solitude, filled with the wondrous story of the past, breathing the mysterious spirit of nature, and abounding in exquisite scenery.

Several acres of this rock-strewn, cedar-covered land were purchased. A few rods from the bank in front, which overlooks the highway, on a level place, among the over-arching trees, a clearing was made, the soil removed, and a cellar blasted in the ob-durate rock; and then upon a firmly laid foundation a beautiful cottage was built. When everything had been completed, at the close of summer, the place was called "The Cedars." The place was such as a man

of literary tastes and ambition would select for a home. A library and study looked toward the afternoon sun as it mingled the shadows of the rocks and cedars, and contained the rare volumes and fine works of art collected during years of travel in other lands. Here he renewed his literary toil. He had studied art, literature, society, and government, among the civilized peoples of the world, and was equipped for new and important work.

He arranged and edited a dozen volumes, entitled "The Home Library," which contained the biographies of the great men of the world, written by men of genius. It was in the scope of his ambition to introduce into the homes of America a higher grade of reading-matter. What could be more suitable, interesting, and instructive for his countrymen and their children to read, than the lives of the leading men of history, penned by the best authors? He would try to supplant the sentimental life of the hero of fiction by the real lives of

such men as Washington, Columbus, Peter the Great, Charlemagne, Julius Cæsar, and Oliver Cromwell. To these volumes he added in a short time an edition of more than a dozen volumes of the "French Classics;" the famous Riverside edition of Bacon's works; the novels of Dickens — the most human of writers of romance; Milman's great work on Latin Christianity; the essays of Thomas Carlyle; the miscellanies of Lord Macaulay; an edition of Hazlitt's Montaigne; translations of several of the works of Balzac; a translation of Madame De Staël's "Germany." In the mean time, he wrote a multitude of Review Articles, upon various vital questions of that day.

To this earthly paradise, where nature had been prodigal with her gifts, and where man had reshaped nature, he took his ward and patient, who was his wife only in name, and tried to establish a home. It was a foolish thing to endeavor to conceal her disease from his friends and the world. It was

an unmanly pride that led him to yield to her entreaties that he would be silent. This, like all untruth, has brought its appropriate reward. Yet it must be kept in mind that he was the literary man, the philosophic student, who at that time had no real knowledge of physiology and disease, and who, with all the force of a poetic imagination, magnified the influence of mind and soul over matter. Perhaps he was not entirely without hope that the light might yet shine upon the spirit sitting in darkness. Although, when he remembered that she had been an epileptic from infancy, and that the best medical skill in Europe had failed to cure her, he seemed to be convinced that it no longer did any good to hope against hope. Added to his great literary labors was the difficult task of caring for her. "More than twenty women, old and young, were tried as hired nurses, companions, or housekeepers. Not one of them would do. Some of them would flee from the room in terror when my patient had an

attack. Some would hold up their hands in hopeless bewilderment. Others would sit down and cry with that natural sympathy for suffering which wells up from woman's heart, and for which God be praised."

In an incurable epileptic, there is dreamy indifference to-day, and to-morrow there will be tearful despondency; on the next day great perversity of motive and conduct appear; then follow increased irritability accompanied by illusions, hallucinations, and delusions. Then comes the fearful attack which has given the disease the name of "the falling sickness." After these hours and days of depression and darkness, the undeveloped or impaired faculties emerge into a light that shines with a little more clearness. In the days and hours of trouble the epileptic requires constant and faithful watching and protection. In the intervals, when reason assumes control to some extent, company may be seen, or a journey undertaken, but only under the care of a faithful attendant. And while he was doing the best he could

under the trying circumstances, there were people, ignorant of the nature of her disease and deficient in Christian charity, who gratuitously attributed her moods, her sympathies, her symptoms, and her fearful malady to ill-treatment, neglect, and cruelty.

There sit the solitary hours; there rise the healing streams; there moan the wandering winds; there vanish the setting suns, all the summer long; and the destiny of man unfolds itself like the evolution of a flower which comes and goes, rises and falls, to silence and rest.

XIII.

Let us stop for a moment and view the spectacle of a civil war, gigantic, terrible, and unrelenting, carrying affliction and sorrow to millions of human hearts. Deranging the plans and disappointing the hopes of so many, it changed the destiny of a great nation; it conferred freedom on a despised race, and made the idea of liberty regnant in every heart. In all war there are ideas contending for mastery. In the civil war universal liberty was striving against slavery. The pregnant saying in the sunny South, during the later years, that it was the rich man's war and the poor man's fight, probes the question deeply. In the South, there was the white man of low estate, as well as the black man in bondage, on the one hand; and on the other, there was a proud and dom-

inant aristocracy, on whose banner was emblazoned the talismanic name — Democracy. In the North were millions of freemen who wanted government by the people and for the people. The principles of self-government, they felt, were committed to their care and safe-keeping. Human liberty, with all that it meant for them and their children, was too priceless to give up without a heroic struggle. And we now feel that all the treasure which has been paid and all the blood which has been shed have not been paid and shed in vain. To guard the temple of human liberty the sons of the Republic stood with a wall of bayonets against the aggressive hosts of the slaveholders' aristocracy. What was the fight? It was a mighty struggle of the people against an ambitious aristocracy, whose purpose and design were concealed by the magic name which stood for popular government. It will now be written upon the page of history that the people came off victors, — but at a fearful cost of blood and treasure; that

the heroic efforts of the brave men of an unhappy cause ended in defeat and union; and that the tide of human advancement and progress was not turned backward, but that it will flow on and on, for all time, as we fondly hope, bringing peace, prosperity, knowledge, reverence, liberty, and happiness into millions of homes.

At the time the civil war broke out, Mr. Wight was doing business with five publishing firms; four of them failed. Literature does not always flourish among men who take to destroying each other. The man who goes to war wants powder and ball and something to eat; he does not take to poetry and philosophy, — he becomes a practical realist. The result was that The Cedars had to be sold to meet pressing obligations. That which had been called home must be left behind. In this world we build for others, yet in more ways than one we carry away with us a mental picture of the habitation we build, and the hand of change rests on this picture, too. But there is one picture

that cannot be taken away from us. It is like the masterpieces, whose form and color and spirit have been seized by genius and spread on canvas. The best points of a landscape — that which is beautiful; that which speaks, as if with a voice; that which makes music all the summer long; that which blends with living motion; that which has no place for the sentiment of decay; that which sees the eternity of ceaseless and silent change — come out from the painting to-day, to-morrow, and every other day. And we, too, have that which defies the influence and power of change, it is that part of us which comes from the Eternal — and is immortal.

He went, perhaps by chance, to settle at Carbondale, in a beautiful upland valley in Pennsylvania, one that reminds us of the famous valley of Wyoming. The home there was called Brookside, and may be described by extracts from his letters: —

"The climate is superb. This upland valley is one of the most beautiful and one of

the most healthy in the world. The air is perfect balm to my semi-rheumatic nature, and I have been nowhere in America so well as here.

"The place altogether surpasses my expectations. There is wealth, intelligence, and refinement in the town, accompanied by a real inland simplicity of manner, and a much higher moral tone than that of the great cities. Our neighbors are perfect, as neighbors — friendly, unofficious, right-intentioned, well-behaved, and not selfish. I have no fear of their trying to steal my house and lands.

"My house here is really beautiful and convenient. It is a good deal better in every way than the Rye house. There are ten acres of lawn about the house filled with fine orchard. I have been repainting the house, fixing plumbing, and laying down sixty rods of iron pipe, bringing a spring brook to the house. I have been trouting twice with eminent success. Trout are good and cheap, and life is pleasant here."

He lets the unchangeable past take care of itself. Regret, like remorse, eats into the heart and soul. And so he looks forward. Satisfied and delighted with his new home, he names it "Brookside." His restless spirit goes to work again.

> "All things have rest; why should we toil alone,
> We only toil who are the first of things."

The following extracts from his letters will show what he was doing about this time: —

"I am working very hard on Martin's "History of France." I am to have one volume ready for the press by January 1st. The whole work is in seventeen volumes, the greatest historic work of our times. The author has labored on it for thirty years. It is not very easy to translate, and the amount of matter is immense.

"We have fought the great fight of the war here in Pennsylvania. I was on the stump during the canvass, and have made myself a name in this whole region. It was a hard battle, and the consequences of the victory are immense."

This refers to the campaign for the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. The great and pathetic personification of the toiling masses, his great heart beat in every word of his passionate appeal to the men of the South: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot-grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Mr. Wight had read medicine in a general way, as one reads literature and history, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge. This was part of his purpose to become master of human knowledge, for he was ambitious to be learned in all things. At this time it occurred to him that he would complete his medical education. Then he could apply his knowledge to practical use, for the

benefit of others, and for the advantage of himself. In 1864 he went to New York, and attended a course of lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, one of the famous medical schools in America. In the following year he attended another course of lectures at the Long Island College Hospital, which had been instrumental in introducing improved methods of clinical instruction. At this school, which is located in the city of Brooklyn, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in 1865.

He returned to Carbondale, and began the practice of his profession, and was successful from the outset. He was a nurse, as well as a physician, for he had been trained in a school where duty and pity dominated the heart. What office is greater than that performed by the magnanimous and sympathetic physician? To help when help we can, to soothe and comfort when there is no hope, make the highest duty of man to man.

To practice medicine, to make books, or to "take the stump" is easy enough for an

aspiring and vigorous nature, but add to this a great sorrow and a consuming care, and we need not be surprised to hear a complaint. We make extracts from letters: —

"It has become impossible to take care of my 'charge' any longer in a domestic way. The asylum is the proper place for her. The insanity springing from her disease is becoming more and more manifest; it is more and more troublesome to take care of her; in short, it is a moral impossibility to solve the tough problem in any other way.

"It is a sad necessity, but I see no help for it. It is a burden that I have borne for a dozen years with a moral heroism no mortal has any means of knowing; but I cannot bear it longer — it would kill me, and then she would have to be placed in an asylum under less favorable circumstances and with less care."

There was a correspondence in regard to this matter, with a view to placing the unfortunate in the care of a good asylum. Some letters written by the author, partly from a

professional standpoint, partly with kind suggestions, and partly with gentle admonitions, had such an effect as to make her more manageable during her lucid moments. Again he wrote: —

"My friends, coming to know the situation, advised an asylum. My heart revolted against that, and it still revolts against it, although I have had, for a long time, an arrangement with a noble friend of mine, the honored head of a New England asylum, to care for her, in case of my death or some imperative necessity." Then adds: "I shall care for her as long as it is possible."

He had made the mystic journey of the East, visiting many lands. Then he had crossed the storm-troubled Atlantic. After that he built a home among the cedars. He left the evergreens and they shall know him no more. He looks toward the setting sun, and finds a new home in one of the upland valleys of Pennsylvania. Then he leaves that too, never to return. Indeed, there is nothing in this world more eternal than

change. He now turns his face again towards the West. Even yet he clings to her whom he had years before made the idol of his heart. She cannot make him happy, and without her he is miserable. Would that we could cure the incurable! Would that Fate might retrieve the unhappy disaster!

"The hills are shadows and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

"I would not let one cry
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God? . . .
. . . Mine eyes have seen enough!"

XIV.

When we write history, we must write the truth; we may not write things as we wish them to be; we may not conceal things that are essential; we must relate what has been, as nearly as possible in the way that it occurred. It is just so with biography. We may not omit important facts and events; for it may happen that what we could wish to be otherwise may indeed be that which is most essential. Sometimes it happens that the better part of our nature is brought out in what we deem to be our calamities, and that our misfortunes which we shrink from show us to best advantage, although we could wish that they had not come to us. In order that the meaning of the evidence may not be changed, as it relates to certain facts, it is given in such

form as to make it more like autobiography. This evidence is made up of extracts from letters, as well as matter written for the press.

"At length, from a respectable family that had known me from my youth, came, half a dozen years ago, a good lady, educated, intelligent, refined, to spend the summer with us. She at once showed herself capable of taking care of my incurable epileptic patient in an efficient and friendly manner. She won the confidence and sympathy of my poor child, and won my everlasting gratitude.

"An efficient friend could not always remain with us. My nominal wife, my epileptic ward, could not bear to part with her 'Aunt Kate,' as she familiarly and affectionately called her. A recurrence to the old method of housekeeping was an impossibility. Boarding was attended with the same difficulties. Two persons were necessary for the care of an epileptic who could never be left safely alone, except for some hours on particular days.

"A new plan was proposed by my patient herself; at first in jest, then in earnest. The nominal tie between us should be severed, and then she might have two, instead of one, to take care of her. It will be said that no wife could make such a proposition. Verily, no wife could. Let it be remembered that she was wife only in name; in reality, adopted child. She had come to regard it as religiously wrong to think of fulfilling the relations of wife, in her condition. She ardently desired to be released from the responsibilities of a station she could not fill. When asked by me — with the ulterior object of divorce in view — to assume the place required of her by the esteemed bond of our union, she revolted, and remained extremely unhappy till she discovered my true meaning. A simple attestation of this attitude on her part satisfied the letter of the law. There was no witness against her, except in the technical sense of the courts. The testimony, as seen from this point of view of our real life, was for

her, and as she wished it. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was told by the only one who had the secret of our hearts. That truth satisfied the law's letter, while its just and pure spirit was satisfied by the purity and justice of our aims.

"In order, however, to satisfy some scruples of conscience, we made a first attempt to procure a divorce on the naked merits of the case, under that clause in the Indiana law giving the judge power to release from the bonds of matrimony when, in his opinion, it is best for all parties concerned. The cause of our failure is not a matter of public interest. We succeeded elsewhere. Two months after the divorce was procured I married again. The divorced wife stood by our side with her attorney during the ceremony, to signify her approbation in the strongest manner. The marriage was private, in our own rooms. As the clergyman pronounced the last words of the service, she said, in a clear, firm tone: 'It is all just as I want it.' The marriage was solemnized

in the presence of a dozen Christian men and women, representatives of some of the best families in the city, who would not have sanctioned an iniquitous thing. The clergyman, pastor of one of the leading churches in the place, who performed the ceremony, had lived in rooms adjoining ours all winter, and knew us well.

"At the close of the ceremony, myself and wife adopted the former wife in the most solemn religious manner, promising to keep her with us, to care for her, cherish, and support her as long as she is spared to us, as we hope for mercy at the judgment seat. That adoption is in the form of a document, signed by us, witnessed by those present at the ceremony, and left in the hands of a distinguished clergyman, open at all times to right-minded persons for inspection. Before our marriage we signed legal bonds, binding ourselves in heavy penalties, to the same effect. These bonds are in the hands of her attorney, where they will remain, and may be seen by properly-intentioned people.

"All these details are painful to me in the extreme, but the wide circulation given by respectable journals to the attack leaves me no alternative. In Christian charity I have been willing to believe that sympathy for an afflicted, helpless woman, that indignation for her supposed wrongs, were motives of the writer of that article. Whoever you are that wrote it, I assure you, in the blessed spirit of forgiveness, that your sympathy seems to its unfortunate object but an impertinent mockery. In her disease, which has been laid upon her, perhaps the heaviest physical calamity of mortal life, she is surrounded with tried affection in those who have cheerfully suffered, and will continue cheerfully to suffer for her sake, and she begs, for the dear Redeemer's sake, to be spared the meddlesomeness of those who are strangers, and necessarily must be strangers, to our inner life.

"Thus, with the Maker of heaven and earth looking into my heart, have I written the simple truth in regard to this matter.

If the world, with exact knowledge of the facts, blames me, I shall bear it meekly, hopefully.

"My poor child is more than satisfied. She is positively happy about the arrangement. I have taken the *only* course possible whereby I *could* longer stand between her and a perpetual asylum. I thank God for a noble-hearted, self-sacrificing woman to share my burden with me.

"Besides, my defense brings me by every mail letters from some of the noblest men and women in the land, all of them expressing sympathy, many of them making offers of service.

"Many good men and women are, at the present time, intimate with the family, and cheerfully testify that she is tenderly cared for, and is as happy as her physical condition will permit. Wise neighboring women, who are intimate with the household, declare truly that she has never mentally developed out of childhood into womanhood, and has no conception of what a *wife's* love for a

husband means. Those who know the parties best give them credit for Christian virtue and goodness.

"Fortunately, however, the greater number of households are still sanctuaries of pure affection, homes of domestic virtue, nurseries of patriotism, shrines of morality, fountains of chastity. Most married pairs cannot comprehend why people should wish to be divorced. Their greatest happiness is in their union; no unhappiness would be so great to them as separation. They toil on patiently amid the storms and trials of life, comforted by an affection as constant as the throbbing of the heart. The benediction of heaven is on their labors, and the prattle of children by the hearthstone is music to them sweeter than the symphonies of Beethoven or Mozart, more sacred than the Stabat Mater or the Miserere. The rewards of obedience to the Almighty are great, even in this world.

"'In the Christian family,' to use the beautiful language of Clement of Alexandria, 'the mother is the glory of the children, the wife is the glory of her husband,

both are the glory of the wife, God is the glory of all together.' 'How can I paint,' says Tertullian, 'the happiness of a marriage which the church ratifies, . . . the benediction seals, angels announce, the Father declares valid? . . . What a union of two believers, one hope, one vow, one discipline, and one worship! . . . They pray together, fast together, instruct, exhort, and support each other. They go together to the church of God, and to the table of the Lord. They share each other's tribulations and persecutions. Neither conceals anything from the other; neither avoids, neither annoys the other. They delight to visit the sick, supply the needy, give alms without constraint, and in daily zeal lay their offerings before the altar without scruple or hindrance. . . . Psalms and hymns they sing together, and they vie with each other in praising God. Christ rejoices when He sees and hears this. He gives them his peace. When two are together in his name, there is He; and where He is, there the Evil One cannot come.'"

XV.

After long, toilsome, and weary years, with their experience, success, and disappointment, from the time he set out homeless to make his way in the world, animated with pure motives and dominated by high resolves, manfully contending against the blows of fortune, seeking the association of the learned, longing for the company of the wise, needing the presence of gifted minds, wandering through the mystic lands of the East, awaiting a destiny commensurate with his ambition, tossed by the storms of a varied life, gaining the approval of noble souls, calumniated by the ignorant and unthinking, trying to build for himself a home, turning with mournful courage toward the past, looking into the unknown future with hope and faith, solving rightly and well, as he

thought and believed, the "tough problem" of his destiny, he would now dwell under his own vine and fig tree.

Only memories would now cluster around Brookside. It was a thing of the past. He went to New Albany, Indiana, where he remained a time with a few faithful friends. Thence, in the year 1867, he went to Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, and there settled, as he hoped and supposed, away from the turmoil and strife of the world. There he began again the practice of his profession. Rest and relief had not yet come. Outrageous fortune would not be appeased. He was pursued by invisible enemies, and open hostility met him at every step. A man of less strength and courage would have gone down under the weight of calumny, and one who had not the sense of being right would have retreated, when so many had it in their hearts to condemn.

He had been confirmed at New Albany by Bishop Talbot. He and his wife attended church at Oconomowoc, and both went to

the communion. Some objections were raised, and the matter was referred to good Bishop Kemper, of Wisconsin. He said *that he had no objection.* The Rector, Rev. Ezra Jones, was a true, firm, and noble friend. His good wife, when a widow, writing to her husband's brother long years after, said: "And so Dr. Wight is gone, at rest at last, after a very varied life. Your brother was a true friend to him when most others condemned. That he was a good man, I never doubted." What a blessed thing true and tried friendship is in this world; not that which comes from the thunders of Sinai, but that which springs from the benedictions of Bethlehem.

The character of this friend is indicated by an episode in his life. Born in New Hampshire, educated at Vermont University, prepared for the ministry in New York city, and a missionary in Minnesota, he became rector of an aristocratic country parish in South Carolina. After the election of Mr. Lincoln, the spirit of sectional feeling was so

intense that he was warned to leave the South, since he announced that he was for the Union. "Such was the state of feeling then in South Carolina that some of his parishioners who connived at his escape incurred danger of violence from more ferocious neighbors on account of their humane act. He sent away his wife with a babe in her arms, and three or four small children by her side, on the train for Louisville. He and his Southern friends judged that they would be safer without him than with him. Leaving his furniture and his books behind him, he started off alone, and after a long and weary journey through the mountains, found his way to the uprising North. He never would relate, even to his most intimate friends, all the incidents of that journey. Separated from his wife and babes, not knowing whether he should behold them again in this world, hunted by men madly thirsting for the blood of their Northern brethren, footsore, discouraged, anxious for his country, half broken-hearted, he strug-

gled forward amid the wild preparations for civil war, protected — again to use his own reverent phrase — by the good Lord. At length he had the happiness of again meeting his family in Vermont. In the perils and hardships of that escape from South Carolina a delicate constitution received so rude a shock that he never fully recovered from its effects. Subsequently he settled in the beautiful village of Oconomowoc, in this State. The war ended as he had foretold to the hotspurs of his South Carolina parish, with disaster to them. Many of them perished on the field of battle. The collapse of the rebellion left their widows and orphans in poverty. Again and again has that good minister, scarcely letting his left hand know what his right hand did, sent back from his scanty earnings aid to the poor of his old Southern parish; poor now, affluent before the war. Individuals there who took part in driving him away on account of his Union sentiments have, since the close of the rebellion, written him, in an-

swer to his charity, letters of gratitude and repentance that would melt the heart of a stone."

"I was sick and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Heaven only knows how many good deeds are recorded elsewhere, that are not written here. How wonderful will be the reading on the pages, when the great book of Christian altruism shall be opened! It will disclose an epic greater than any ever yet written by man. It will call forth an anthem more pathetic than any ever heard by mortal ears. It will invoke a laudamus incomparably above all that it has entered into the heart of man to conceive. When sickness and injury enter the hut or palace, the physician goes with an "equal foot" and knocks at the door of both, to bring such aid as men can to those who are in need, and shrinks not from contagion, or pestilence, or sudden danger; magnanimous, faithful, altruistic, he performs an immortal work, as he visits the least of

the sons of man. The deep shadows of the night fall over his way; the winds sing or moan among the leaves as he passes; the storm beats upon him without pity; the unfeeling cold benumbs the fibres of his body; the silent stars keep watch above his head, and then he goes into the very presence of pain and grief, his deed being twice blessed if he can heal them both, and his work receiving a benediction when he cannot cure. He stands side by side with that other doctor who ministers to the pain and grief of the mind and soul.

Dr. O. W. Wight undertook the arduous duties of a country practice, going at all times, day and night, in sunshine and in storm, to succor and relieve the sick and wounded. Those who had been injured or were sick appealed to his sympathy. There was sure to be a cheerful response. In the sick-room he was always welcome. It was a blessed thing for him to aid and help others. He inspired confidence and hope, and when hope fled, there was left a feeling

that no one could do more. He had an excellent measure of success, all that any one could have there. He had the success which comes to the true physician, which is not measured by gain, but that which comes to the good and faithful servant. He was a great worker, and work for him was worship. In this way he sought the evolution of his mind and soul, and he seemed to be the same cheerful and hopeful person after he had been assailed by the slings and arrows of fortune.

The days were again tranquil. He had left the stormy sea. It was pleasant to be near the borders of the lakes of Wisconsin. Memory ran back to the lakes of the English poets, and recalled the vision of Lake Erie. Then toil for the good of others threw forgetfulness over the painful memories of the past. It seemed as if life was new again. As he has left the impression, — perhaps almost a story, a kind of tradition,— one can see him standing on the bridge which spans the clear water falling into the little

lake. He seems to be thinking of his mystic journey in the East and combining its visions with the pictures of the newer West.

"Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have a sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither ;
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

"And I have felt
A presence which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interposed,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion, and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

Time goes on. It is going on always. Space expands. It expands everywhere. Time's on-going cannot cease. Space cannot limit its expansion. Yesterday becomes to-day, and to-day will have another shape

to-morrow. We are here to-day, and will be somewhere else to-morrow; and so we move in the abyss of endless expansion. As it were, we are on a ship which sails upon the great sea of life. This sea is fathomless everywhere, and boundless on every hand. Now comes the storm. After that we have the calm, and even then "the waters heave around us," and we may hold it good to love the tranquil places betwixt the storms, and drink in all their delights. Yet we may hold it well, perhaps, to dread the storms, and shrink from their embrace. But with Him whose blessed feet walked upon the troubled sea, we may have no fear.

In Palestine, on the main road to Hebron, a small town of great antiquity is situated upon a limestone ridge. The name of this town is Bethlehem, or the *House of Bread.* Of this place Shakespeare sang: —

> "Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter cross."

In later years, a Bethlehem in the sub-

urbs of old London was seized and made a prison for the unfortunate who had "lost their reason," and the beautiful word "Bethlehem" was crushed into the madman's word "Bedlam." Ah! which shall it be, Bedlam, or Bethlehem? She had been his betrothed; she had been his wife; she was his patient; she was his ward; she was his child; she was his sister. She was unfortunate; she became more and more unfortunate; she can no longer live with the world; she may not see the madman's Bedlam; she may go to Bethlehem. Thither, after all these long years, he takes his adopted daughter, — only those who knew him well could tell how kindly and with what tearless grief, — and leaves her in care of the blessed sisters.

Soon after there came the brief announcement, — My wife is at rest. He laid her at rest with his children, for they had also gone. He sold out everything, and owed no man anything. He was again homeless. He had only one friend left, — his pet dog, —

linking him to those he loved and who had departed.

"Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
Old ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,
Yet would the living Presence still subsist."

XVI.

Late in the autumn of 1871, O. W. Wight went to Brooklyn, where he remained during the winter, with his brother, J. S. Wight, and where he secured needed rest and recuperation. He had given up his practice at Oconomowoc, and was again homeless; and yet he was looking forward, in the same hopeful, cheerful way, as ever. At the same time he seemed to feel that he had received a severe blow, that he had suffered a great calamity, that it was cruel to take away from him everything in this world he held dear. But his thoughts were busy with problems relating to the great Northwest, and he took more than a passing interest in its affairs. He had faith in its resources and possibilities, as well as the men who had gone there to live. He looked upon

these men as having industry, enterprise, ambition, and personal liberty. The broad acres of fertile sea-girt lands were sustaining a people who had faith in themselves and hope in the future. The well to-do New Englander, the toiling Scandinavian, the home-loving German, converged there, and mingled their life blood into a stream of vital unity. This stream flows on into the future, bearing upon its tide the grandest hopes and possibilities. Divergent and differentiated branches of the Aryan race were uniting with a common purpose, and would have a common destiny. Their gain and their elevation were full of meaning to all men who toil.

On his way east, while passing through the State of Pennsylvania, he had the misfortune to lose his pet dog, which accidentally escaped from the car, as the train stopped at one of the interior towns. The train went on, and the two friends were separated. One went on to Brooklyn; the other wandered about the strange streets.

But so strong was his attachment to the now homeless dog, that he went back and hunted him up, finding him in the care of a kind woman. He returned with him and both were happy. And then he wrote the romance of his pet dog. But like so many other things in this world, both romance and dog have disappeared.

While in Brooklyn he wrote short articles for the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, mostly on political topics. He had been born and brought up a Democrat. He was one of the people, and was for them and their government. But when a slaveholder's aristocracy put on the garb of Democracy, he allied himself with the Republican Party and helped elect Abraham Lincoln. When the power of this aristocracy had been broken, when the Union had been preserved, and when certain Republican leaders became the willing instruments of monopoly, and were reaching after power and influence which were almost imperial and absolute, he longed for the Democracy of the immortal founders of the Republic.

When the rights and liberties of the toiling masses were imperiled he moved with fearless energy to their defense. He was against the mind that falsified the principles of eternal justice. He spurned the man who did not come with an open hand into the presence of those who toil. He had no sympathy with those who heap up fabulous wealth from the earnings of the men who swing the axe and hammer, who dig and plough the soil, who drill and blast the rocks, who build of wood and stone, and who are the hope of their country's highest good.

The following paragraphs, taken from his address to representative citizens of Wisconsin, contain the highest political wisdom, as well as the best principles of statesmanship :

"In calling this convention to order, it seems to me necessary to give a reason for our political course. Briefly as possible I will state the principles which ought to guide us in adhering to, or in departing from, existing parties.

"Man's first allegiance is to the eternal

source of justice. The Ruler of the universe claims and enforces our fealty. A higher law, symbolized in the order of the world, woven into the web of intellectual and moral life, ever demands human obedience. To the will of the Sovereign of heaven and earth every mortal must yield assent.

"The state is founded upon this abiding government of the world. The architects of human governments build more or less wisely, according to their clearer or obscurer vision of the indestructible good. As a rule, governments are abiding in proportion to the amount of God's justice which they embody.

"It is, therefore, in the nature of things, that men owe only a secondary allegiance to the state. We are bound in obedience to the government under which we live, so long as that government conforms to the higher law. When, in the progress of society, the judgment and the conscience of the public are developed into antagonism with the government, it is the duty of a people to change an older and lower form of government for

a higher and better. The right of revolution is founded upon the obligation of fealty to unchangeable justice. Our fathers broke their allegiance to the government under which they were born, and instituted another, in order to secure for themselves and their posterity the broader liberty that springs from the embodiment of ampler justice in the state. They recurred to the common duty of mankind to translate their progressive enlightenment into civil and political institutions. The Declaration of Independence expresses in lofty form the ethics of revolution, and stands as the highest chapter in the gospel of liberty. . . .

"As the fabled Egyptian phœnix, when it had grown old, burned itself in the temple of the sun, but from the ashes sprang up a new phœnix, destined to live its allotted time; so from the embers of a perished party, consumed in the flame of a civil war, rises the new party, which is already rejoicing in its strength. The party of spoliation, the revived Federal Party, may rake unmolested

in the ashes for proofs of vanished political sins. Leaving antagonism behind us, ours shall be the noble task of restoring wise and frugal government, or restoring peace, liberty, and safety to the whole nation.

"They tell us there are no issues requiring the formation of a new political organization. As the Democratic Party perished by becoming the instrument of slavery, so the Republican Party is perishing as the instrument of monopoly. A spontaneous organization took place among the people, fifteen or twenty years ago, to resist the encroachments of the slave power. The like process is going on to-day to resist the power of monopoly. The principles of Jefferson were violated towards four millions of black men. From the mouth of their labor was taken the bread it earned. The same principles are now violated towards ten millions of toiling white men. From the mouth of their labor is taken much of the bread it earns. While two hundred millions of dollars are collected from the people by a tariff, for the expenses of government, a

greater sum is transferred from their hard earnings to the coffers of a few, through the monopolies created by the same tariff. The producers of the country are paying every year dividends on a thousand millions of 'watered' railway stocks and construction 'ring' steals. We have not at this time a wise and frugal government that restrains men from injuring one another. We have instead, an unwise and expensive paternalism that does not leave men free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement. Arrayed against the people at this very hour are corporations whose aggregate income greatly exceeds that of the national government. The party in power is allied with these corporations. It can no more break with them than the old Democracy could break with the owners of slaves. It was necessary to organize a great political party to deliver four millions of ignorant blacks from injustice; still more is it now necessary to organize a new party to deliver from injustice ten millions of intelligent white men.

No issues! The uprising of the people, north, south, east, and west will soon teach the old leaders that it is time to stop fighting in the graveyard of the past, to heed the duties of the living present.

"Representatives of the citizens of Wisconsin, I have encountered many obstacles in my endeavor to bring you here together. Earnest conviction has alone nerved me to the task. I am not an office seeker. I never held an office in my life. Make no effort here or elsewhere to nominate me for an office, for I shall not accept. Moreover, if any man comes among you seeking his own self, let him lose it. Animated by a common purpose of elevating the tone of public life, of redressing wrongs, of delivering from oppression, of rebuking corruption, of establishing equal justice for all, let us become genuine, disinterested political reformers."

One characteristic of O. W. Wight, apparent in his life, and often mentioned by himself, was that he looked upon what came

to his hand to do as a problem to be solved. He put all his purpose, energy, and strength into his work, with the idea of making it the best possible under the circumstances. It was a problem to solve; it was a piece of work to do. In the work he found his duty, and that satisfied his heart. In the problem he found intellectual activity, and that satisfied his brain. In the consentaneous results of both the duty and the problem he found a sense of approbation and encouragement, and that satisfied his soul. And when he had mastered the elements and principles of one thing, he moved upon the citadel of another. So when the old leaders, unmindful of the dangers and perils, refused to weigh anchor, declining to set sail upon the great sea of political reform, he left them to wander and dig among the ghosts and ashes of the dead past. He had performed his duty; he had solved the problem for himself; as they would not follow, he did not remain.

He "stumped" the State of Wisconsin, in the interests of political reform. There

was no doubt about the venality and corruption that had invaded the Republican Party. That party had, in a great measure, served its purpose, and was outliving its usefulness. It began to be a house divided against itself. The Democratic Party had been put out of power and had been severely punished for being on the wrong side of the great movements which make for human progress. Did this party forget nothing? Did its leaders disdain to learn anything new? His object was to seek needed reform in the reorganization of this party. And it was largely through his energy and efforts that the Democrats of Wisconsin, after years of defeat, were led to a new victory. His practical, logical, and eloquent speeches during the campaign, especially among the Grangers, helped to defeat the party allied to monopoly. If corruption was in the Republican Party, the spirit of office seeking was still in the Democratic Party; the latter did not want to be reformed, and the former would not be reformed. How often would the chickens of

both parties have been gathered under the wings of reform, but they would not. Odious and unscrupulous men of both parties wage a war of extermination, and those who are left to tell the tale, combine to rob, oppress, and spoliate the people. In its evolution, human nature is greater than parties and governments. The leaven of bad men in parties and governments is more pernicious and harmful than all other influences combined. The man who rules for his own aggrandisement is an ignominious failure. The machinery of government must be run for the people. The highest trust under heaven is to be the administrator of the affairs of a great and free people. One can never cease to love and admire — after the immortal founder of the republic — its no less immortal restorer. And every good citizen prays that God may always raise up such a ruler for the people.

Governor Taylor, in 1875, "with the advice and consent of the Senate," appointed Dr. O. W. Wight "chief geologist" of the

State of Wisconsin. This position brought him into notice as an organizer of work, and as an executive officer. It also in new ways brought him into new relations with important questions of science. He extended his studies from man to the soil on which man lives. He was interested, not only in the history of man, but also in the history of man's planet. The evolution of one must be co-related to the evolution of the other. He now continued to read that mighty book, whose successive leaves the great Author imprinted and folded around the evolving earth, and on which were written imperishably the characters that reveal to us the steps of the slowly going changes to be wrought by the wise plans made before the foundations were laid. To read this book rightly is to read the secrets of the universe. To accept the lessons that it teaches is to believe in and profit by the text of modern revelation; and so knowledge and reverence grow more and more side by side.

The *soil* must give food and drink to man.

It must be mantled by the mobile air. It must be watered by the moving clouds. It must be broken by the winter frosts. It must be ploughed by the creeping worm. It must be manipulated by the busy beam of the solar orb, and it must be cultivated by the active hand of man. That which is taken away must be given back. The fountain of fertility must not run dry. Careless, wasteful, indifferent man, who can, if he will, make the desert blossom as the rose, must be taught to conserve the productiveness of his acres. He must understand the question of supply and demand, as it affects the soil on which he lives. He builds and plants for to-day and to-morrow as well. As he inherits the past, so he must give the present to the future. He cannot impoverish his acres with impunity, for his wastefulness and parsimony will leave a crop of thorns and thistles to his children. He is a grand embodiment of the law of correlation and the conservation of energy, and he will be held to a strict accountability for his part in the evolution of the race.

One of the great problems affecting the destiny of man on this planet relates to the conservation of the fertility of the soil. The man who goes hungry becomes demoralized and degraded. Hold it as you will, the brain that is suffering from mal-nutrition is in a poor condition to rise to elevated thoughts of God's universe and his providence. The heart that pulsates to the footsteps of Want does not always appreciate the sublime doctrine of charity. The mind and soul which should sing together, will each make a different music, if the body which they inhabit and which dies daily, is not daily rebuilt, by means of those beautiful gifts which mother earth alone can bestow.

Blessed is the man who plants his corn and reaps his grain, with the archway of heaven bending over his patient head. He is thrice blessed: blest in the faith that the harvest will surely come; blest in his daily toil that brings him each morning to a renewal of his life; blest in his reverential

study of the sublimest of all works. Somewhere it has been said, that God did plan and shape the circling worlds; did contrive the gladness of the spring; did make the mellow light of autumn; did let fall the crystal flakes of winter; did send forth the cooling, renovating winds; did engrave the records upon the folded rocks; and "for our advantage," did write the Holy Books: And all these things are meant for him who turns and tills the fruitful soil.

XVII.

Another field of labor now opens to the Doctor, — one which seems to be more to his taste, — one in which he can apply his talent for study and investigation, and one which will enable him to display his executive ability. He is appointed health officer of the city of Milwaukee. He at once laid hold of the great principle of *preventive medicine*. Men had been working for centuries to learn how to cure disease. Fabulous loss and expenditure, incredible toil and suffering, immortal heroism in the face of death, had made men weary, but they were not discouraged, though the long-looked for secret had not yet been discovered. The learned doctors were so busy in the almost vain endeavor to cure, that they did not take time to think how they might prevent dis-

ease. And yet the same great principle runs through so many things: It is better to prevent crime than it is to imprison thieves and hang murderers; it is wiser to maintain social order than to obliterate the footprints of revolution; it is more desirable to destroy the causes of disease than to give names to maladies we cannot cure. The ship is sinking, and the men on board try to pump out the water, but never think of going into port to stop the leak.

Hygeia is a very ancient goddess. She came to earth among primeval men. And she even kindly rules over the beasts of the field and forest. She is the most lovable and beneficent of those mystic beings which came to bless or harm before the dawn of history. The earliest historic man has taken refuge in her sanctuary. The old Hebrew raised his voice in worship at her altar. The sons of Buddha knelt at her shrines. The faithful Moslem prayed and fought under her protection. The sages of the Ægean Isles have the honor of giving her a name.

And the blessed Master approved her work, and gave her his benediction, — for that which is clean is next to godliness.

Hygeia blesses the food we eat, and purifies the water we drink; she makes clean the garments we wear, and renovates the house in which we live; and she helps to build the temple of this body into a fitting abode for the indwelling spirit. Happy is the man who entertains as a perpetual guest this beneficent being, — happy in his work, happy in his play, happy in his sleep, happy in his worship. To him the sun shines with new and newer light; the winds blow more acceptably; the seasons roll round more benignly; the heart has better feelings; the mind has nobler thoughts; the soul has higher aspirations. Her wish is to crown every human being with ripeness of years and fullness of wisdom. Who would not labor at her commands, and be eternally obedient to her laws? Who would not dwell with her dutiful children, and find the happiness of this life more and more?

One can understand the upheaval and destruction caused by the earthquake; one can appreciate the ruin and the desolation wrought by the cyclone; one can comprehend the loss and the calamity of the conflagration; one can realize the horrors and pains of famine. But faithful women and brave men flee in terror before the pestilence, — they flee, because it is secret, invisible, and relentless. But now, however dreadful it may have been in the past, pestilence can be held in check by Hygeia. And this goddess stands revealed as the personification of science, — that science which prevents the people from perishing. And it only amounts to this, that the beautiful idea of protecting and saving the people from disease has been crystalized into the form of a gentle and benignant woman.

One of the fathers of medicine has likened the physician unto a blind man in the dark. The blind man went into a dark room, with a club in his hands, to encounter a robber who had made an attack upon his

friend. He could not see at all, and besides it was dark; and yet he must try to defend his friend against an enemy. If the club strikes the enemy it kills him; if it falls upon his friend, it destroys him. In the parable, the sick man is the friend, and the enemy is the disease. And one fears that the parable at times has been true. For it may be that the causes of disease have been unknown. And so medicine is not yet an exact science; curative medicine has not been perfected; and preventive medicine is still imperfect. And then the good and lovable Hygeia sprang into progressive life, and we hope that she will be immortal. At the same time her practice is being founded on true science, and has already risen to a high degree of perfection. The science and practice of preventive medicine are going rapidly towards a higher level. One is amazed at the *revelations* of modern times. The telescope has revealed the wonders of the starry heavens, requiring volumes to describe them. And the micro-

scope has revealed to us the mysteries of another universe at our feet. We have the stellar universe above us; we have the universe of man within; and we have the *microbic universe* below. We have a small being that is neither plant nor animal exclusively, — but is both in part combined. The microbe is like a green plant, and it is like an animal; it can take its nitrogen from ammonia compounds, and so is like a plant; it cannot take its carbon from carbonic acid, and so is like an animal. This mixture of good and evil is like the Sphinx. It stands upon the border of the desert and looks two ways; one leads into the vegetable, and the other leads into the animal kingdom.

And then the half is not told. Fire is beneficent, if it is kept in chains; water is a good friend, if it is imprisoned; gravic force is a kind protector if its law is obeyed; we can send the benedictions of peace through the electric current, but the same subtile agent can rive the strongest oak.

Now this little vegito-animal, this microbe is a friend and a benefactor to man, — he lives on the dead, destroying that which is mischievous and harmful. He is an indispensable scavenger, cleansing the soil and purifying the air. The cycle of economic changes necessary for growth and decay would be impossible without this unicellular organism. He is not always man's friend, — and when he becomes an enemy, how baneful! how deadly! He is more malevolent than the plagues and woes of Egypt. The scavenger becomes an assassin. He comes in the dark; he comes in the light of day; but we cannot see him; and we only know of his presence when the victim falls at our feet. These strange beings destroy the dead body of the beggar, as well as that of the imperial Cæsar. And sometimes they will consume the body that is alive, — as if they were the avengers of sin and crime, — as if they delighted to feast on the blood of the innocent. Their abode is in the dirt that lies on our floors; in the filth

that gathers in corners; in the slime that oozes from neglected places; in garbage that accumulates in our kitchens; in the waste that befouls the ways of our going and coming. The glory of the Sanitarian is that he can keep these little plants from transplantation, that he interpose a barrier to the immigration of these little animals, provided he has the legal authority and power.

What did Hygeia tell the health commissioner to do? Hygeia said: *Preserve the health of my people, for they perish for the lack of knowledge.* That was the spirit of his commission. That was the motive of his work. That was the watchword of his duty. And right loyally did he obey and carry out the order. Upon the door behind which contagion and infection were at work, was put the well-known mark of danger, so that one could pass by on the other side. The yellow flag of the microbe, as it rose on the breeze, mutely told the pathetic story of the deadly contest within, where none but

the good physician and the faithful nurse can be of service. They may imperil life, — but others may pass to their peaceful pursuits in safety. As a great poet sang of an ill-used race of men who till the soil, so we may sing of an ill-used race of men who cure the sick. But more pathetic must be our song of him who defends the citadel of public health against the attacks of disease.

Dr. Wight in his "Maxims of Public Health," wrote: "In the city of Milwaukee I spent a month, as Commissioner of Health, in making a careful and faithful inspection of the *dairies* from which the milk-supply came. The conditions of food of cows, cleanliness and ventilation of stables, drainage, water, surroundings, etc.; whether the animals were healthy, turned out to pasture in summer, constantly confined in winter, etc.; whether the proprietors were filthy, negligent, etc., — all the facts were written out separately for each *dairy*, tabulated, and indexed. The index alone made over two

hundred and fifty pages of manuscript. When all was completed, I invited citizens, through every newspaper in town, to call at the health office and read a detailed description of the places from which they obtained milk for their households. Out of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, the population at that time, just eleven came to see the record. Yet the apathy of Milwaukee citizens on this subject is not exceptional. Will somebody account for it in a rational way? About fifty per cent. of a city's mortality is of children under five years of age. Among the causes of such premature mortality, bad milk, or milk poisoned with disease germs, may be reckoned among the first. The poor little ones, with their pale, upturned faces, with bloodless hands folded on their motionless breasts, with their dumb lips, plead to heaven in vain; for even a voice from the dead cannot arouse the living from a fatalism more appalling than that of the Mohammedans. What effect would it have if an enlightened preacher, instead of

talking at the funeral about a mysterious Providence, were to accuse the milkman, point blank, of murder? The people would probably mob the preacher instead of the milkman."

After pointing out the unsanitary conditions of the public schools of Milwaukee, he adds: —

"And this is not all. The habit of dullness, begotten by the unsanitary conditions herein pointed out, lasts during life, and more or less cripples the productive energy of a whole generation of citizens. Moreover, this vital question touches the pride and hope of almost every household. We must also reckon the cost of increased sickness, and a larger percentage of death. It seems heartless to dwell upon the economic side of the great and important problem. Above all, and beyond all, are human suffering, constitutions broken for life, seeds of disease early sown, pain too deep for tears in the panting breast of many a little one, the heartache of parents, the shroud, the

emblems of mourning, the solemn *dust to dust* and *ashes to ashes* closing blighted careers which sanitary wisdom might have prolonged over the customary years of usefulness."

XVIII.

The administration of the Health Officer of Milwaukee soon began to benefit her citizens in many ways. At first people do not like to submit to rules of conduct which will make for their advantage. The personal liberty to do harm to others is sometimes more precious than obedience to the wisest laws. The personal liberty to create a focus of disease for self and the vicinage does not tend to the pursuit of happiness, nor is it according to the Constitution. To abridge such personal liberty required time. And to educate men in the science of their own well-being is not an easy task. Yet these things were accomplished. And the citizens of the lake city learned a good lesson, and gave evidence and testimonial to the wise head and firm hand that suggested

and enforced a better sanitary administration. At length the methods and the results drew the attention of intelligent men in other cities. So far did the influences of this work extend, that Dr. O. W. Wight, in September, 1881, received the following letter: —

DETROIT, MICH., *September* 6, 1881.

O. W. WIGHT, *Health Commissioner*,
Milwaukee, Wis.: —

DEAR SIR, — In compliance with the instruction given me this afternoon by the Board of Health, I write to inform you of your unanimous choice as Health Officer of our city, and at the same time to urge you to accept the appointment and to inform us when you can enter upon your duties.

Very respectfully,

D. O. FARRAND,
Pres. Board of Health.

The doctor accepted the appointment, and went to Detroit, where he found difficulties in different directions. It was a heavy task

to conserve the health of a great city, when the people were indifferent, when there was opposition from medical men, when the authorities were not liberal with means and power. One grows weary of rolling up hill the "huge round stone" of obdurate indifference. — Thou citizen, who dost talk much about thy personal liberty; who dost scorn to be the slave of any man; who dost boast of thy coming and going in all things as thou wilt; who art one of the rulers of the Republic; who hast no expectant ears for the pratings of the sanitarian; who dost set thyself above the laws of nature and the blows of chance; — thou wilt suffer, for the remorseless microbe will eat thee; thy sense shall grow dim from the poison of the deadly ptomaine; the fever of Sepsis shall consume thee; and thou shalt fall into the forgetfulness prepared by Stupidity for all his angels.

"At first the people objected to having their houses placarded, as a violation of personal liberty. A little argument con-

vinced reasonable citizens that no man has the natural or acquired right to expose his neighbors to deadly contagious disease by concealing it in his own house. Personal liberty to give small-pox to somebody else had better be abridged as soon as possible. Personal liberty to send scarlet fever into a school with your child is rather diabolical than beneficent. Personal liberty to infect a church with a diphtheria corpse is tempting Providence to start an epidemic. A law abiding community submitted, and to-day the system of placarding, if it were left to an election, would receive a majority of votes in its favor. Experience proves its value in many ways to the citizen. He knows and feels that, by reason of it, his family is more secure against diseases that cost money, anxiety, and sorrow."

And then one sees the Health Officer, as he goes to the hovel of a poor woman, whose babe lies sick with small-pox. The woman, with a mother's instinct, runs for an axe to defend her little one. She does not compre-

hend the duty of the health officer, nor does she understand his legal authority, — but she disputes his power. Neither does she realize the peril to herself and her other children from the dread disease. And as for her neighbors, how little does she care! She takes the law into her own hands. While she is gone for the axe, the health officer takes a rubber blanket from a peg in the wall; he tenderly lifts the little one from her cradle, wraps it in the blanket, carries it to his carriage, and drives rapidly to the pest-house, which is a regal palace compared with the wretched hovel whence it was taken. Then the mother goes to him and on her bended knees begs the sacred privilege of nursing her afflicted babe. Yes, she may bestow upon it all her affection, and nurse it with a mother's care, in a place that will not bring peril to others, and where there is some chance of recovery. She is happy — God bless her.

At one time he thought to strike the enemy of public health in one of its secret recesses

— in the sewer itself. He would disinfect the great refuse-river that runs under the floor of the city, and destroy the multitudinous microbes which live there and perform their allotted work. Imitating a practice as old as Homer, he burned sulphur in the manholes above the Stygian waves of the dark, filthy river. And when the sulphur began to burn, the fumes found their way through the traps into the adjacent houses, — and the frightened inhabitants rushed into the street, declaring that the Imp of darkness and the day of doom had come. Two things were demonstrated: one, that the traps did not seal the sewer tight; the other, that disinfecting the sewer lowered the death rate.

"In nine out of ten, probably in ninety-nine out of a hundred, houses in this city connected with the public sewers, the gas is a perpetual guest. Like the traditional ghost, it comes through closed doors. It does not go when it is ready, but comes to stay. Nothing but the subtile cunning of science can bar its ingress. It is worse than

the skeleton that is said to be in every man's closet. It is more unwholesome than a rotten corpse. The cadaver might be enclosed in a single room. The poisonous gas is everywhere. The effluvium of the corpse does not lie in ambush. The gas comes from the organic decay of the whole neighborhood. To-day it brings with it the contagion of typhoid; to-morrow it introduces diphtheria; next day it smuggles in scarlet fever. It gives no warning, and its unknown presence is not shunned. It sleeps with you, creeps into every cell of your lungs, and lays shadowy fingers on every drop of your heart's blood."

The exordium and the peroration of a sermon by the health officer on *How to make a place unhealthy*, are of interest: "Most people have heard the story of the good old prosy minister who, as soon as the deacons began to snore and the whole congregation began to nod, gave a sudden and shrill blast on a dog whistle. Everybody was wide awake in a moment. 'When I preach the

gospel,' the minister pathetically said, 'you go to sleep; but as soon as I begin to raise the devil, you are all attentive enough.'

"If I had prepared a paper on *How to Make a Place Healthy*, you would have regarded the subject as safely orthodox, and probably would have shown confidence in the sanitary preacher by listening in a passive manner. When I propose to raise the deuce, by discoursing on the theme, *How to Make a Place Unhealthy*, you will probably be on the alert to detect sanitary heresy."

An interesting discourse follows, closing with memorable and touching words: "Many an unfortunate man weaves about himself and his household, through his own sanitary ignorance, not unfrequently with the concurrence of another's sanitary crime, a fate more terrible than that told by Ugolino to Dante in the 'Inferno.' Surrendering to the warlike Archbishop of Pisa, Ugolino was imprisoned, with his two sons and his two grandsons, in a tower which long bore the name of *Torre della Fame*, the

Tower of Famine. One morning after, they heard the lower door of the tower locked. The key was thrown into the adjacent river, and the prisoners were delivered into the hands of Hunger as their executioner. As the historian Napier says, 'Their tragic fate still sounds in awful numbers from the lyre of Dante, after more than five hundred years.'

"I will let the unhappy Shade of Ugolino tell the tale, in thirty lines of poetry, which says Landor, are unequaled by any other thirty in the whole dominion of poetry."

"And I heard locking up the under door
Of the horrible Tower; whereat without a word
I gazed into the face of my sons.
I wept not, I within so turned to stone:
They wept: and darling little Anselmn mine
Said: *Thou dost gaze so, father, what ails thee?*
Still not a tear I shed, nor answer made
All that day, nor yet the night thereafter,
Until another sun rose on the world,
As now a little glimmer made its way
Into the dolorous prison, and I saw
Upon four faces my own very aspect,

Both of my hands in agony I bit :
And thinking I did it from desire
Of eating, on a sudden they uprose,
And said they : *Father, much less pain 't will give us*
If thou dost eat of us : thyself did clothe us
With this poor flesh, and do thou strip it off.
I calmed me then, not to make them more sad.
That day they were silent, and the next.
Ah ! obdurate earth, wherefore didst thou not open ?
When we had come unto the fourth day, Gaddo ,
Threw himself down outstretched before my feet
Saying : *My father, why dost thou not help me ?*
And there he died ; and, as thou dost see me,
I saw the three fall one by one, between
The fifth day and the sixth ; when I betook me,
Already blind, to groping over each,
And three days called them after they — were dead ;
Then hunger did what sorrow could not do."

"I have no disposition to pronounce a malediction upon my fellow-men ; but, within my own knowledge, more than one poor household has perished as pitiably, not with hunger, but with fever, for which a hard, indifferent, avaricious landlord, who could not

be made to answer at the bar of sanitary justice, shall answer in the great hereafter. What the finger of retribution has written on the forehead of the offender cannot be erased by the blasphemous and essentially mendacious cry, *Am I my brother's keeper?* And he who, by his sanitary stupidity and obduracy, drags down to untimely sepulture with himself his wife and his little ones, shall not be allowed to plead ignorance of Nature's inexorable law before a judge who endowed him with powers of knowing, understanding, and obeying."

XIX.

Dr. Wight had read and studied books on law, from time to time. He was interested in the principles of law, and in their application to the government of society. His knowledge in this respect was like that in the domain of general literature. He was familiar with the generalizations of the subject of Law. And so it was not a difficult task to complete his legal studies. This he did during the first years of his residence in Milwaukee. And on the twenty-ninth day of March, 1873, he was admitted to practice as an attorney and counsellor at law, and solicitor in all Courts of Record in the First Judicial Circuit of Wisconsin. On the eighth day of April, 1873, he was duly admitted to practice as an attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery

in the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin. And on the fourteenth day of April, 1873, he was duly admitted an attorney and counsellor of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States for the Eastern District of Wisconsin. After Dr. Wight went to Detroit to assume charge of the Health Office of that city, he was admitted to practice law in the various courts of the State of Michigan, as well as the Supreme Court of the United States, as attested by the following Records: On the twenty-first day of September, 1882, he was admitted and licensed to practice as an attorney and counsellor at law, and solicitor and counsellor in chancery, in the several courts of the State of Michigan. On the sixteenth day of November, 1885, he was admitted to practice as an attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery, in the Circuit Court of the United States, for the Sixth Circuit and Eastern District of Michigan. And on the ninth day of December, 1885, he was duly admitted and qualified as an

attorney and counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States.

As opportunity offered, Dr. Wight entered, to some extent, into the practice of the profession of law. A case in which he took great interest was one which he related to a circle of friends at his brother's house in Brooklyn. The following are the leading facts of the case: A poor woman had been indicted for the crime of infanticide. The evidence in the hands of the public prosecutor seemed to be very strong. Public feeling against the defendant ran high. She was without friends and without money, and her case appeared well-nigh hopeless. The doctor undertook her defense. He brought forward convincing evidence that the defendant could not have caused the death of her infant. The medical testimony, as well as the testimony as to facts, made a deep impression on the jury. In his address to the jury, he first gave a simple and clear statement of the unanswerable evidence proving the innocence of his client;

and then he added that his client was a devout Catholic, and that her religious convictions were wholly inconsistent with so dreadful a crime, and that there could not be the shadow of a motive for committing it. A speedy verdict in her favor was rendered, and the poor woman was set free. She repaid her benefactor with tears, thanks and blessings, for she had nothing else to give.

The following is taken from his defense of certain persons who had pleaded guilty of conspiracy to defraud the government: —

"Finally, the enlightened administration of justice has in view not simply the infliction of punisment for crimes committed, but also, and foremost, the reformation and preservation of the citizen. Those who have pleaded guilty before this court to the charge of conspiracy to defraud the government are not in need of severe punishment to remind them of their obligation to obey the laws. Their affection for the government will not be increased by long incarcer-

ation. Having suffered severely already, in body and estate, clemency will impress more profoundly than severity. A great government that could afford to pardon the leaders of a mighty conspiracy which cost the nation half a million of lives and several billions of treasure, can surely be contented with inflicting a minimum of punishment on citizens misled by its own agents into a conspiracy to defraud the government. These men have repented, and have brought forth fruits meet for repentance by aiding the government with their testimony. To strike them when they are down, when they have ceased to contend, with more severity than is absolutely necessary, would be a violation of the public sense of justice, the inevitable tendency of which would be to weaken, not to strengthen respect for the law. At such a juncture, mercy is wisdom, and severity is tyranny. Mercy in these cases is literally twice blessed, blessing the government that gives, and the prisoner that receives; it is —

'like the Hours
That sit open-handed on the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men.'"

As he understood them, the principles guiding the practice of law may be, in part, expressed as follows: We often hear of the license of counsel in the treatment of witnesses. In fact, the witness often complains of the difficulties encountered in giving testimony; and he especially dreads the cross-examiner. Now, what is the duty of coun sel? He speaks for his client, since his client cannot speak for himself. It is his duty to defend the rights and interest of another for whom he speaks and acts. This is also his business. He must ward off an attack; he must repel an invasion; he must protect his client from the threats and menaces of an adversary. He must use his best skill and exert all his powers to prevent his client from suffering an injustice, from being wronged. He must leave nothing undone to prove his innocence, to gain his ac-

quittal, to promote his interests, to maintain his rights. In matters that are relevant to the issue he may search the depths of the heart, he may probe the profoundest feelings, and he may traverse the ways of the most devious intellect. He is like the skillful surgeon, who causes pain that life may continue.

The law entrusts the advocate with extensive powers and with great liberty of speech, such as in every-day life would not be tolerated. In what he may conscientiously do to defend his client he is, as it were, only limited by his own sense of duty; and if he has a high sense of duty, in his own field of work he is supreme. In his search for truth he must not be reckless, nor rash, nor unreasonable. If he goes beyond the law and if he violates the rules of evidence, he may be admonished, reprimanded, or punished by the court. He is not at liberty to seek after truth by means that are illegal and wrong. He must pursue his work by methods that are legal and

right. We all respect the magnanimous and upright advocate; he is an honor to his profession; he is a terror to those who do evil; he is a hope for those who are assailed and wronged; he is a public benefactor and an ornament to society.

Too frequently the advocate has to deal with a witness who is a partisan, who is hostile, who is prejudiced, who is offensive, who is unscientific. He may be excused for treating such a witness with rigorous severity; he may bring to bear on him his most powerful weapons; he may drive him against the wall of truth; he may dissect every fibre of his motives; he may impale him on the sword of the cross-examiner; he may expose his prejudices, his pretensions, and his presumptions. And yet, as a high authority has said, an advocate is a warrior, and not an assassin.

Dr. Wight appears to have had three leading objects in the study and practice of law: one, the acquisition of knowledge; one the relations of law to history; one, the em-

bodiment of law in the Constitution. He took satisfaction in conquering every department of human knowledge. Simply, it was his ambition to know whatever was knowable. Beyond that he traced the principles of law into the evolution of history. What, indeed, would Grecian history be without the *laws* of Greece? One of the historical monuments of this ancient and classic land bears the inscription: *Go tell the one who passes by that here obedient to our country's laws we lie.* And we may stop for a brief moment to contemplate the pathetic dust that was once ensouled with the breath and life of immortal heroes. One can never forget the grand and pathetic *justice* of Socrates, as he tells his friend Crito, if he tries to destroy the laws of his country, that the laws in Hades will be angry, and will not receive him kindly on his arrival, — and so he drinks the poison. What would the history of Rome be without Roman law? And after the fall of old Rome, has not her law, in one form or an-

other, lived on in the jurisprudence of more modern nations, giving life, stability, and perpetuity? And we too, in the newness of our national life, trace the roots of our own laws back to the same great source. Laws are rules of action. Actions are civil deeds. And criminal deeds are offenses against the laws. But deeds, civil and criminal, of individuals and states make up the events recorded in history.

Dr. Wight had "read an average of one hundred pages of history daily during more than twenty years of a laborious life. . . . How much more fruitful the reading might have been if it had been guided from the beginning by the experience accumulated at the end!" He had gone over the field of the world's history, and was digesting and shaping the material in his mind. The plans of work were being arranged. It was a continuation of the same purpose of bringing before the people a better kind of reading that he began years previous, in editing the volumes of the "Home Library," which

contained the lives of the great men of history. He says: "A considerable number among the millions of intelligent people in this country have a desire to know something of the world's marvelous story, and would willingly set themselves the task of reading, at odd hours, a reasonable number of books of history if some experienced friend could be found to designate the particular works best adapted to the end in view, and to indicate the proper sequence in which to pursue them. . . . Any systematic study, or even reading of history, may well begin with that of Greece. The Hellenes occupied both shores and the islands of the Ægean Sea. Their enchanting land faced the east on the one side, and the west on the other. They were midway between Asia and Europe. Greek history touches the remotest antiquity, and reaches down to the present time. Except the Christian religion Greek culture is the most important factor in European civilization. The Aryan race made its earliest and most important achieve-

ments in Hellas. The history of the Greeks is not only profoundly instructive and interesting in itself, it is also the key to all other histories of civilized men."

The study and practice of law enabled Dr. Wight to prepare a valuable work on the Constitution. The work is indexed by the leading words and topics of the Constitution, and is adapted as a book of reference. The opinions of the distinguished jurists, and the decisions of the courts as to the construction of the Constitution and its amendments, are so arranged as to make them available to the student of constitutional law, as well as to lawyers who may come to try cases in the future, under the application of the supreme law of the land. It is the design of the author to have this work published, as soon as time permits and opportunity offers.

In brief, Dr. Wight was an educated physician, an able lawyer, and a skilled engineer; and he brought to bear his threefold knowledge upon the application of san-

itary science to the preservation of the public health. His zeal was commensurate with his acquirements. His ambition was to benefit the public by giving advice on hygiene, when that advice had been fortified by law, and based on sound views of engineering. In this way he was more than equivalent to a sanitary board composed of a physician, a lawyer, and an engineer.

XX.

In the mean time the President of the Board of Health, Dr. D. O. Farrand, had been taken away in the prime of life. The Health Officer felt that he had lost a true friend. And when this loved and lovable man was laid at rest, he paid him a heart-felt tribute. All hearts were touched by his simple, plain words, earnest in the extreme, and full of hope, rising from the transitory, until the unseen and the eternal appeared to open for him who had put off all that was mortal. Another noble and blameless life had been given up in the service of "all sorts and conditions of men." And everybody mourned his departure. The bereavement was hard to bear. We ask, Why are the good and useful taken, and the bad and useless left? Then we say, *We know not why.*

As time went on, there arose an "irreconcilable difference of opinion as to methods and aims" between the Health Officer and the Board of Health. The Health Officer had "toiled hard" for years, "reduced the death rate, and abated nuisances by the thousand." He said: "It is not my fault that I quit the service, yet I am glad to lay down a heavy burden." He sent his resignation to the mayor. This step caused much regret in municipal circles. And when asked to reconsider his action, he replied: "I came to the conclusion deliberately and I will resign. Such expressions as Dr. ——'s greatly reduce the effect of the work of the health department and create insubordination on the part of the public." Finally, with honor, with integrity, with respect, he left the Health Office, and went forth a "free man," with only one regret, — that any one could be found to stand between his efforts and the good of the public. Yet such things have been from the beginning, and we fear will be to the end. They

who will not see are of necessity blind; there are none so deaf as they who close their ears; they are the most stupid who will not learn; and there are none so useless as they who oppose the public good. In this, as in all human affairs, we find men who tend to reversion of type in the domain of enlightenment and progress. This is a veritable disorder which seems to be hopeless and without remedy.

But the doctor had laid down the burden of his office, — and was again looking forward: this had been one of the maxims of his life. To be and act in the living present were the stepping-stones to the higher good of the future, in which every man should have faith. The unalterable and vanished past is among the records of things done, right or wrong. The present is the only thing that lives. The future is being born eternally into newness of life. So he was looking forward.

In the spring of 1886 a brief letter came from Detroit, announcing that he had re-

signed his position as Health Officer, had sold out everything, and had made preparation for a journey to the East and around the world, in order to see and study the Aryan peoples in their homes, and so fulfill a long-cherished desire. He had already engaged his passage across the ocean on the "Trave." He could no longer endure the heavy burden of toil and responsibility in the Health Office. He was worn and weary, and if he did not get relief he would die. He thought the best way to rest and recuperate was to travel. He had no ties to bind him, for he was virtually alone. He would be at my house at a certain time, and tarry a few weeks before embarking.

When he came, it could be seen that the fingers of time had been busy. Change comes to all things done by man, and to man himself. Memory ran back through the vista of years, and touched on all it could, and left all it could not bring. The heroic struggle for a place and name seemed brief enough, and yet it could not

last. Thus to live and work was different, so diverse, compared with one who digs contentedly in the solemn dust. There was a momentary retrospect, but no vain regret, only a looking forward from the vantage-ground already conquered. A thought of nothing lost, but of something missed, in the brief cycle of the past.

> "We are the voices of the wandering wind,
> Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
> Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
> A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

Then in story he again wandered over the famous Lake District of England; after that went down to the shores of sunny Italy; once more journeyed amid the scenes on the banks of the Rhine; — in nature he found much interfused, and more in man: and behind all was a memory that would not fall into forgetfulness. And so one knew that more than time had been at work: that ambition and toil had done their part and that Destiny had done all they could not do.

It was his purpose to go over into Central

Asia. He desired to see and study the strange people of that strange land. It was thence that migrations had taken place. It was in the East that we find the cradle of the human race. To this day they have not greatly advanced in civilization. To travel over their rugged hills and through their dense forests would involve fatigue and hardship that could only be borne by one in robust health. These peoples appear never to have ceased to war with each other, and this would augment the danger of travel through their inhospitable country. It was difficult to persuade him from braving the perils of the wild tribes of men who live mostly without law and order in this land where man has appeared to live always. But he did not fully give up his design of visiting this cradle-land until he had gone over toward the East far enough to find that journeying further was impracticable and impossible.

The day of going came, when the "Trave" was to sail out on the trackless deep, as they

say, over the lost Atlantis, having all her cultivated fields, her noble cities, and her monuments, submerged for long ages, waiting for upheaval in the time to come. The day was sunny. A light haze veiled the sky, as if to limit the vision into the future. The elements were silent. The storms were dumb. There were no winds to "wrestle and to rave." The majestic Hudson as of old was contending with the heaving tides of the ocean. There was hurrying to and fro of busy feet. The hum of industry and commerce arose from the metropolis of the West. Man was ceaselessly setting foot upon the ever-vanishing present between two eternities, — one gone, the other to come. Why should the highest of God's creatures appear to "walk with aimless feet?" We know not now, — *but then we shall know even as we are known.* And on that day we parted, not as we had parted before, but with an expectancy less sure. For the morn of life had gone, and the sun was drawing toward the west. And rest

comes sooner then. One knows not when or where those he loves will fall into silence. Yet there need be no fear. For the great Father, in his universal and unalterable Providence, does nothing but good to his children. In many ways our lives and fortunes had been linked together. Across the tide both ways more than once was held a helping hand. So the future would make for pain and grief, not to him who first met his fate, but to him who was left at his post of duty. Sometimes we all have prophetic visions of the future. Science is only a form of seeing, — but seeing is wider than all science. There seemed to be a light that shone into the future farther than the eye could see. The years that had vanished seemed to be of so little worth. The boundless and deathless future opened up another expansion. On these two shores, the one here and the other hereafter, we said the word — Farewell.

XXI.

It would be impossible to condense the narrative of this long journey. Its purpose can only be indicated by extracts from its preface, as well as by some remarks and reflections. The book in which it is found is commended to the reader. The author says: —

"Last year I made a long, winding journey around the globe, in order to observe every country in which an Aryan people has established civil government. One looks in vain elsewhere for progress and liberty. The Aryan nations of antiquity Greece and Rome, must be studied in his tory, for the Greek and Roman peoples have passed away and can no longer be studied in their daily life. Yet the lands occupied by the vanished races may still be

visited by the traveler, who can at least become familiar with the scenes in the midst of which they dwelt. The study of Aryan peoples, whether living or departed, can alone reveal to us the origin and development of the world's civilization.

"History is comparatively barren without a knowledge of geography. Maps may aid us much, especially when studied with the help of some experience and a vivid imagination; but traveling alone can give us true geographical knowledge. Current history becomes real to us, is translated into personal experience, only when by traveling we observe at once people and country in their intimate relations. In pursuit of such vital knowledge, I traversed Europe from north to south, from east to west, and journeyed far off to Australia and New Zealand, on the other side of the globe, where fresh Aryan communities are planting civil liberty in the southern hemisphere.

"Art, science, literature are, with a very few notable exceptions, the products of Aryan

civilization, and can be studied only in countries occupied by Aryan peoples. Above all, in such countries alone do we find recognition of human rights and the establishment of institutions for the benefit of the many. There is doubtless room for progress in the most enlightened nations, for civilization has not yet borne all its fruits. . . .

"The leading purpose of the book, however, is political and social. I have aimed to draw faithful portraits of the leading civilized nations of the world as they exist to-day. Of course, the features of the great peoples of the earth can be drawn only in outline on the small pieces of canvas that constitute the brief chapters of a single volume. Yet generalizations, if true to fact, if they are the results of accurate observation, if, above all, they embody the real laws that govern the development of humanity in time and space, are the best aids to a fruitful study of detailed history.

"The reader may or may not accept my

philosophical definition of a nation, yet it will certainly reveal to him that underlying every independent national existence is a problem wider, deeper, than form of government, territorial possession, succession of events, or transition of passing generations of men. Whether my particular theory is accepted or not, my object will be gained if I succeed in convincing the reader that the Providence of history has a rational basis. Travel among the peoples of the world may well have a higher aim than personal amusement or material pleasure.

> "'What shapest thou here at the world?'
> 'T was shapen long ago;
> The Maker shaped it,
> And thought 't were best even so.'"

To indicate the guiding principle in studying and giving "an account of the rise, progress, achievements, decline, and fall of nations," a description of his idea of a nation may be noted: "It is quite evident that a nation is not merely a territory; is not simply a portion of the earth's surface. The

place occupied by a nation, a people, is no more a nation, a people, than the house a man lives in is a man.

"O Earth, what changes thou hast seen!
There where the long street roars hath been
The stillness of the Central Sea.

"Yet nations have seen more changes than the earth. Many a kingdom has passed away, while surrounding sea and land remain substantially the same. The same clouds gather on the brow of Olympus, the same sun shines on the plains of Thessaly, the same glorious atmospheric haze rests on the hills of Attica, the same tempest lashes the Ægean Sea, the same stars keep nightly vigils over Delphi, the same winds sweep over Salamis and Platanea, as of old, but the real Hellas is no longer there. The mariner on the Mediterranean now, as in the days of Æneas, gazes upon Italy 'lying low;' yet that wonderful land has been the habitation of successive nations, successive peoples, that exist no more. The Israelites were a nation in their bondage, in their

wanderings, in the Babylonish captivity, as well as when they possessed the land 'round about Jordan.' They are a people still, although dispersed over the whole globe. The portion of the North American continent now occupied by our nation has existed from the formation of the sea and the dry land; yet its fertile soil, its lakes, its rivers, its mountains, its long lines of coast, failed to produce a people, till causes above the earth planted here a great republic.

"Neither is a nation a form of government. Not only rulers and dynasties change, but governments change in their most essential forms, while nations live on. Rome was at first a monarchy, then a republic, then an empire, but the nation continued. The Israelites remained the same people, while governed by patriarchs, by law-givers, by judges, by kings, by foreign rulers. France, within a comparatively recent period, has been a monarchy, a republic, a kingdom, again a republic, an empire, and once more a republic; yet the French people, the

French nation, has preserved its distinctive characteristics, whether governed by Louis XIV., by a National Assembly, by a military chieftain, by a Bourbon king, by Napoleon III., or by M. Carnot. Even England was once a republic, without change in the strong individuality of the British people. The Italian nation remained distinct while ruled in sections by different dynasties, or cut up into many turbulent republics. It has retained the peculiar features of its individual life — a people different from all others — during repeated conquests, during the tumultuous changes of a thousand years. Greece remained the same nation, the same wonderful people, during as many mutations in government as the wit of man could invent. The government of the United States was once a loose confederation, then a constitutional union; yet we remained the same American people, the same nation, differing essentially from all other peoples, all other nations. A nation, therefore, is not a mere form of government.

"Again, a nation, a people, is not a mere collection of human beings, is not an aggregation, thus to speak, of individuals, any more than the world is 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms.' No subject of Augustus Cæsar was ruled by Antoninus Pius, yet they were both emperors of the same Roman people. No Frenchman living in the time of Descartes is living to-day, yet who believes that France has ceased to live? The Englishmen of the nineteenth century are standing on the graves of the Englishmen governed by the Tudors, yet who doubts that England still exists. Who questions that Homer and Pindar, though separated by many vanished generations, sang to the same Hellenic people? We speak of Moses and David as heads of the same nation of Israelites, though widely divided by the shadow-land of perishing mortality. A dark stream of time separates Castellar and the Duke of Alva, yet the stream is bridged by the Spanish national life. Not a soul of us will be here in a hundred years, yet, I trust, the American

people will be here. Generations come and go like the shadows of summer clouds, but the nations live on, obedient to laws that have a wider sweep than the laws that govern individual life.

"If, then, a nation, a people, is not essentially a territory, a form of government, or a fortuitous concourse of individuals, what is it? The house a man lives in, the clothes he wears, and his material body, are not the real man. His continuous life, that which gives him through all external changes a consciousness of his identity, is his soul, his spirit, his intellectual and moral being. Just so it is with a nation. A people, a nation, has an inner life, an organic existence, that preserves its identity, through all changes of territory, of government, of passing generations. It is an idea, a great generalizing principle, a predominant thought, an organizing sentiment, a vital force, a mode of evolution, call it what you will, that constitutes the soul, the essence of a nation. This principle, this dominant idea, gathers men

around it, animates them with a common national life, educates them, gradually forms their speech, directs their efforts in a certain course, coördinates their energies, produces through them peculiar laws, shapes literature and art, builds political and civil institutions, determines forms of religion, moulds social life, creates manners. Loyalty to this central sentiment, this reigning idea, constitutes the soul of patriotism ; disloyalty to it begets rebellion. When this sentiment, this idea, perishes from the minds of men, the nation animated by it, ensouled by it, inevitably perishes and passes away."

This idea, this thought, this principle, that runs ever in the current of national life, that binds individuals together, that shapes public policy, that makes a people a larger family, that gives all a common purpose and interest, that overshadows minor differences, that animates in the pursuits of peace, that leads to defense in war, that works in the administration of affairs, — this idea, this soul, of a nation, was the key of interpreta-

tion, used in reading history, in studying the enlightenment, evolution, and progress of the Aryan peoples, in traveling through the countries of Europe and elsewhere, from west to east, from south to north, from the North Cape to the Ægean Isles, from the Isles of the Central Sea to far-off Australia.

On our way, we will tarry briefly at the North Cape to look at the *midnight sun.*

On the coast of Norway is a labyrinth of islets and islands, intersected by waterways so numerous that they bewilder the traveler. The islets, made mostly of stone, lie in zones and clusters between the tranquil inner straits and waterways and the stormy Atlantic. Water and land are everywhere intermingled in the most inextricable confusion. The hardy fisher-folks have built their nests, like sea-birds, on ledges of rocks, and their frail skiffs lie anchored upon the smooth waters below. Some of the islands are of such size and elevation that they remain in sight all day, frowning in the clear sky, as the little steamer winds its devious way to-

wards the land of the midnight sun. For a thousand miles smaller islands form a breakwater to the silent waterways, in which men and boys fish in their fragile boats, and where the women and girls row to church or to market. And on a large inner channel, next the mainland, the commerce of Norway is carried on in safety.

On the voyage to the North Cape, you seem to be always environed by land; a solid wall rises in front of you; behind you there is never an opening; here the shaggy cliffs are hung with waterfalls; yonder is a snow-capped peak; there the sea-bed is visible under the keel; at one time silence reigns supreme; at another the roar of cascades breaks upon the ear; anon a silver cloud drops its shadow upon the scene; you turn to the right because there is no gateway on the left; and then you turn to the left to avoid the sullen rocks on the right; but you move ever onward toward tho wonder-land of the north. You are in the midst of the enchanted land which is the home of the

Norseman, who builds his house in green corners, who constructs his roadways along narrow dells, who cuts fodder for his beasts on mountain ledges, who makes the gleeful streams grind his corn, who can "cling and live" wherever the feathery pine and silver birch can find foothold and growth.

'T is here that he who loves the sea may always look upon the land; 't is here that he who loves the land may always look upon the sea, and 't is here where land and sea forever meet, and where the sky bends o'er fair scenes, and its clouds are mirrored with the waterfalls and rocks in the silent depths below, and where Nature's ceaseless motions agitate the cooling air *all the summer long*, to satisfy and soothe the heart of mortal man.

One voyages toward the North Cape, going out into a wide expanse of water, as the afternoon glides on, and waits for the midnight sun. Night approaches, but darkness does not come. The sun curves toward the horizon, but does not deign to touch it. Now

it "hides behind a bank of violet cloud, and the opal fringe emits a dazzling effulgence." At some distance the sky is cloudless, and seems to open to an immeasurable depth. Every color and every cloud-shape above is reproduced in the bosom of the sea. The mystic beauties of the Arctic heavens shine forth during a night in which no trace of night appears. The tourist speaks not: there is a hush of delighted silence, and all eyes are drinking in the strange scene of a night beautified by the unveiled majesty of the great orb of day. "A midnight wherein the sea is as ethereal as the air, and, like the air, streaming with strange splendors, a midnight in which the very Viking ships as they silently steal athwart a glittering pathway of sunlight seem like spectre ships gliding in a radiance at once beautiful and weird, is never to be forgotten; it lives as a revelation, an exchange of the material for the spiritual, a glimpse within the golden gates: 'And I beheld a new heaven and a new earth.'"

When the great earth swings southward, to lift the sun on high, and the Norse-land emerges from the long winter night, and the cheerful day begins and lengthens, as the season turns her footsteps toward the frozen zone, the orb of day rises, nor sets, but gilds both day and night, and rolls above the sea and land even at the midnight hour, or what in other lands would be the midnight hour, and so is called the midnight sun, which shines until its brief race is run, and leaves the North Cape in darkness.

"Early Monday morning we started back, southward. Lyngenfiord soon hove in sight, on the west shore of which is a long line of snow-capped mountains, five or six thousand feet high. They were distant, yet in the clear atmosphere looked so near. The captain of the steamer promised us a cotillion of whales, and a coronation of a mountain by the sun at midnight. The proper place was reached a little past ten o'clock in the evening. Great whales soon began their gambols, according to programme. In the

distance was a mountain, with lofty dome, which the sun was nearing behind a curtain of illuminated clouds. The ship was so placed that the coronation would take place, weather permitting, from eleven o'clock to near twelve, when the sun would emerge, full-orbed, into an open space, at midnight. The elements were propitious and the exhibition was unspeakably grand." The sun is invisible: in the sky there is a circle of glory, and in the midst is the kingly head of the dusky colossus. Now the thin clouds, like aërial tapestry held by unseen fingers above the monarch, begin to burn along their lower edges. "One might think they had caught fire from the earth below, had not this new splendor been pure as that of the diamond. Now the halo around the mountain's stately brow expands, and the hanging tapestry of clouds pulses and flashes as its flaming fringe consumes the texture of purplish gray. See how the cloud flickers and breaks up into glowing shreds, which float aloft in upward streaming films of dazzling fire! Below us is the sea,

around us are the Silences; the sea an expanse of damascened steel, the air still as with a holy hush; and before us, high up in the heavens is the mountain's lofty dome, limned in lines of glistening light and diademed with living lustre. The sun now glides out, and just above the shoulders of the Giant, it hangs in the beautiful scene its perfect disk of glossy gold. Our tourists look at each other with thoughtful eyes, but speak not. The hush that is on all things is in their spirits. The silent rapture of the scene steals upon them, and theirs is the Sabbath of the soul. How eloquent is this reverent gazing at yonder beatific vision!"

In strange contrast with the voyage among the islets and islands of Norway was the voyage among the islands of the Mediterranean. From the shores of Italy "lying low" across the Adriatic to these historic islands was a brief and pleasant voyage. The sea-girt isles, where Homer and Pindar sang in immortal verse; where Socrates and Plato discoursed philosophy; where Solon

and Lycurgus gave wise and wholesome laws; where Agamemnon and Ulysses led the heroic arms of Hellas against Troy; where Aristides and Demosthenes were eloquent and just; where Olympus and the Acropolis faced the morning sun, — the enchanted sea-girt isles, with all their storied song and history, were embosomed in the Central Sea, as of old: but their glory had faded; their famous art was in ruins; their eloquence was dumb; their bravery was in the dust; their liberty was in chains; all that was distinctive of the Hellenes was to be found on the page of history or on their dilapidated monuments; all that was best and valuable of these vanished peoples has come down to us on the dark stream of time through the intervening centuries. One sails along the shore of Leucadia whose projecting headland is called Sappho's Leap: —

> "The very spot where Sappho sung
> Her swan-like music, ere she sprung
> (Still holding in that fearful leap
> By her loved lyre) into the deep,

And, dying, quenched the fatal fire,
At once of both her heart and lyre."

And beyond Leucadia one views the island of Ithaca, an upheaved limestone ridge, once the home of the great Ulysses, the wandering hero whose deeds were sung by blind old Homer.

"As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where the Ææan Isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers ;
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

"As the morning sun illumined the rocky heights of Salamis, flashed on the Acropolis, and shone over the hills and plains of Attica, we sailed across the very waters

where the mighty naval battle was fought between the Greeks and Persians more than twenty-three centuries ago, into the harbor of Piræus. The curious pointed to a rock on our left, where Xerxes, seated on a throne, witnessed the defeat of his fleet and sadly realized that his costly expedition had come to nought."

The Acropolis is a solitary rock of semi-crystalline limestone and red schist, which had doubtless been washed for ages by the waves of the old Pliocene sea. "The brightest race of mankind made it in the bygone centuries the point in all the world richest in art. As one stands upon it, in the midst of desolate ruins, and" tries "to reconstruct in imagination its temples, theatres, and statues," he will turn from the storied past, and look out upon its environment: "On the south is the Saronic Gulf, with Salamis in the foreground, and Ægina, the fabled home of the Myrmidons, in the distance. A breeze comes up from the sea tempering the heat of the sun shining 'through pel-

lucid air.' On the southeast is Mount Hymettus, still renowned as of yore for its honey. Away to the northeast and north is Mount Pentelicus, where marble was quarried for temples and statuary. On the northwest is Mount Parnes, dark with forests of pine. To the southwest appears Mount Ægaleos, near the beautiful Bay of Salamis. Within this panorama of distant hills, following the same circuit from the southeast round to the southwest, one observes the Temple of Olympian Jupiter, begun by Pisistratus and finished after seven hundred years by Hadrian, of whose one hundred and thirty columns in Pentelic marble sixteen still remain; Hadrian's Triumphal Arch, also of Pentelic marble, in the Corinthian order; the monument of Lysicrates, called the lantern of Demosthenes; still nearer, the Prytaneum or Senate House; close by, the ruins of the Theatre of Bacchus, the proscenium and orchestra well preserved, built by Hadrian on the site of the ancient Theatre of Diony-

sus; and right at one's feet the remains of a Roman Music Theatre, erected on the site of the Odeum[1] of Pericles, of which no trace has been discovered. Turning to the northward, are seen the remains of the Doric Temple of Theseus, with six columns on each front, thirteen on each flank, and the Tower of the Winds, which still has a sun-dial. On the west, reversing the order from the nearer to the more distant objects, appear, in succession, the Areopagus, the Pnyx, where the public assemblies of Athenian citizens were held, from which were heard the voices of the greatest orators of Greece, where St. Paul preached his wonderful sermon; the prison of Socrates, and the tomb of Philopappos, on the Museum Hill, with its ruined walls, beyond which was the Academy where Plato taught. In the valley of the Ilissus, which winds around the southern side of the city to the west, may be observed the modern villa and gardens of Ilissia, on the site of the ancient Lyceum,

[1] Music Hall.

where Aristotle had his school. On the west of the city is the little river Cephissus, running south, in the valley of which the great dramatist Sophocles spent his youth. . . . The Acropolis was the citadel of Athens. . . . On the highest part of the Acropolis stood the Parthenon, the finest building ever constructed in the world, of which the west side still remains. I counted six columns standing entire at the Posticum. Eight columns on the front and seventeen on the sides of the Cella also remain. The Turks used it as a powder-house, and it was blown up during a bombardment in 1687. Nothing remains of the master work of human genius but mournful ruins. My eyes have never beheld a sadder sight."

After traveling through various countries of Europe, and visiting the midnight sun, as has been described, Dr. Wight returned to London, where he made preparations for a voyage to the other side of the globe. On the first of September, 1887, he left England, by steamship, for Australia, pass-

ing the Isle of Wight where his ancestors lie buried, sailing down the west coast of Europe, and between the "pillars of Hercules," one of them the famous Rock of Gibraltar, thence between Scylla and Charybdis, the dread of ancient mariners, — in view of smoking Ætna, and going on, through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean, in sight of Mount Sinai and the spot that marked the well of Moses. The heat in the Suez Canal and the Red Sea was intense, trying, afflicting, — almost intolerable. It was a relief when the steamship sailed out upon the great Indian Ocean, where the sea breeze laden with vapor absorbed the heat of the sun's rays, and made it delightfully cool and pleasant. In the mighty steamship, so strongly fashioned by the hand of man, and guided by man's genius, one is borne in safety across the sea, as if in the cradle of the deep. On and on one goes day after day, under the stars, and under the sun, until the broad ocean is left behind. A thing of beauty,

strength, and speed has circled half of the globe. "A great ocean steamer, like the 'Etruria,' the 'Trave,' the 'Victoria,' or the 'Ormuz,' is perhaps the most striking symbol of our wonderful material civilization. It is the product of all the ages.' When a savage of genius, taught by the attempts and failures of countless generations dimly handed down by tradition, launched the first successful canoe, a new era dawned upon the struggling race. Unnumbered centuries vanished before the bold Phœnicians sailed through the Pillars of Hercules out upon the western ocean, or the daring Norsemen rowed their boats over the rough Northern Sea to Iceland. As the Roman poet sang: —

"In oak or triple brass his breast was mailed,
Who first committed to the ruthless deep
His fragile bark, nor inly shrank and quailed,
To hear the headlong south-wind fiercely sweep,
With northern blasts to wrestle and to rave;
Nor feared to face the tristful Hyades,
And the wild tyrant of the western wave,
That lifts or calms at will the restless sea."

The immense ocean is crossed, and Australia and New Zealand are reached, — two lands with 1,200 miles of deep sea between them. There the Aryan race has planted new colonies, who have applied their masterful genius to subduing nature and making her forces subservient to the wants of man: when the clouds are empty, they bring up water from the depths of the earth to irrigate the desert and the waste places. And on the soil which they make fruitful, they plant the seeds of civil liberty, and they advance and aggrandize the many. After seeing this new civilization, he says: "From Aukland I took ship for San Francisco. It was my intention to write another chapter, giving my impressions of the Pacific Ocean and some of its islands, but I was helpless during nearly the whole voyage with tropical fever. After ten days spent in convalescence on the Pacific coast, I crossed the North American continent to my home. I had started eastward, and kept going eastward till I returned. The more one travels,

the more one realizes that all peoples, from the beginning of the world, in all lands, have been toiling in every field of human endeavor, material, mental, and moral, and that each generation inherits all the fruits and toils of the past: 'Other men have labored and ye are entered into their labors."

XXII.

In Detroit Dr. Wight had many warm friends who gave him a cordial reception, after returning from his long, winding journey around the world. He had looked for rest, and had not found it. Or if he had, tropical fever had used up the store of renewed strength. A brief letter from San Francisco related how he had been injured in a storm at sea, when the great ship staggered under the blow of a heavy wave, and threw him, as well as others, against whatever came in the way: in the mean time he seemed to recover slowly from the injury.

Even while sick and in distress, he began to write an account of his travels, giving his observations on the society, government, and institutions of the various Aryan peoples he had visited, and recording their progress to-

wards a higher civilization and a better civil liberty. He entitled his book "A Winding Journey around the World." It would be impossible to condense the matter of this work. The work is already in a condensed form. It contains a readable account of his earlier journeys abroad, at a time when he was looking forward. In the "Winding Journey," the views and statements given are of remarkable breadth and scope, showing the extent of his study, the ripeness of his scholarship, and the fertility of his genius, as well as the profundity of his learning. Of each people, each nation, through whose territory, whose land, he journeyed, he gives an epitome, describing manners, customs, and society; politics, governments, and institutions; science, art, and literature; in fine, noting progress, present condition, and hopes of the future. And through all runs one great guiding principle, one dominant thought, one eternal purpose, one supreme law: *The evolution of man under the order of a universal and unalterable Providence.*

The first edition of his book of travels was published in Detroit, and largely sold by subscription in that city. In the meantime, the doctor went to Milwaukee, where a large circle of friends gave him an enthusiastic welcome, and where a large number of copies of his book were sold. A contract had been made with Houghton, Mifflin and Co., to publish a new edition in the east. They brought out the book in an improved form. And one can always admire their excellent work.

The severe labor of writing this book and the effects of tropical fever exhausted his strong constitution and broke down his health. Yet it must be remembered that he had been a ceaseless worker, a laborious student, a voluminous writer, giving himself no rest for many years, knowing that this life is short and trying to make the most of it. In time the strongest natures and the most vigorous constitutions yield to the inroads made by the stress and strain of incessant toil. He was no exception to toiling, perishing mortality: "And he, shall he,

. . . . . .

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills ?"

The author of this biography, knowing that his brother was not very well before his long journey around the globe, had advised him not to go over into Asia. After his voyage to Australia he knew by letters that he had not become strong again; but he was not informed as to the serious changes that had taken place in his health. He had expected him to come to his home in Brooklyn in a few weeks after the publication of the book of travels. He had written in the mean time, and had received answer that the traveler and writer had still some tropical fever. At that time some advice was sent, as well as such a thing can be done. For it is very difficult to give advice, without seeing and examining the patient. Soon after came a copy of the *new book*. It had been finished, and was well done. Its author

wrote that he was going to Milwaukee: this brought excitement, when rest was needed; the fever burned anew; and then he hastened back to Detroit.

One day in October, 1888, came the announcement that Dr. O. W. Wight was ill, perhaps seriously ill, that he seemed to be slowly losing strength. He had returned from Milwaukee, and had suffered from a severe chill, when fever had followed with exhaustion and prostration. Kind friends cared for him, and in a few days, with my consent, removed him to Harper's Hospital, where he had everything that medical skill and good nursing could do for him. In the meantime word was sent as to his condition, and soon the request for me to hasten to Detroit. In as much haste as possible the journey was undertaken. Strange thoughts and feelings came to mind and heart, as the steamcar sped on. The changing day turned into the changeful night. And then the sun of a new day rose clear and bright. In the crisp air and in the forenoon light, the

steamcar curved along the shore of Lake Erie beyond Buffalo. The same lake is there, but the restless water is not the same, as in the past. One is carried back in memory through the years that have gone, and faint outlines of half-forgotten things struggle to reappear; a dim picture of vanished scenes rises before the eyes, and a composite made of reminiscences and the present is more like a dream than a reality. The car glides on towards the mist and roar of the eternal cataract. The bridge, with which the genius of man has spanned the walled river, is crossed, and we tarry by the expanding, rushing, falling, roaring waters. They seem to stand for a moment upon the terrible brink, and then, like the south wind, plunge headlong into the turmoil of the mighty chasm below. One has strange impressions and feelings made by the accelerating velocity of the compact mass as it curves and falls ceaselessly into the rising spray and seething foam, as if the spirit of the water had become angry and was throw-

ing itself eternally into the abyss of destruction, and had then risen into a new life, hurrying and rushing onward toward the whirling and hurling rapids, to beat and lash itself into utter exhaustion, and thence flowing on in the majestic and placid river to the next inland sea. One could feel as well as see the motion of the great cataract, in which gravic force is correlated into the pulverization of the solid rocks. I had seen the exhibition of this mighty power and majesty before. But now other and different thoughts came to my mind: I had studied the mighty forces that move the sun and his dependent family of planets; that stretch across the abyss from world to world, and from star to star; that upheave the crust of the earth and the envelope of the sun; that extend through the illimitable spaces of the universe, and turn to bind all things into one, under universal Providence; and I had thought, and was then thinking, upon the infinite expansion of eternity beyond, with all its unfathomed mysteries; and then over-

shadowed by the magnitude of these greater things, the awful cataract seemed to diminish until it was a brook-fall fit to turn a mimic water-wheel for a truant schoolboy; and yet the very spirit of immensity and eternity would anon rise toward the overarching bow, and force itself to appear in the very midst of the waters which seemed to be falling eternally.

On reaching Detroit, I at once drove to Harper's Hospital, and saw the sick man with conflicting emotions. It was my desire to have him get well, and so there seemed to be some hope. But after consultation with his good physician, Dr. Book, it did not seem as if he could live much longer. The strong man was broken into incurable weakness. But the feeble, feverish body still held the same courageous heart, the same indomitable spirit, the same soul that was obedient to God and his laws. Time was not now looking backward: it was still the watchword of a heroic life — ever *forward.* I asked him if he had anything to say to

me; with great effort he said slowly, the words standing far apart, "*There are two expansions.*" Then I knew that the hour of his departure was at hand, that his life here was closing, and that it was opening to that which lies beyond. I knew well his modes of thought and the way in which he viewed things: I knew he was contemplating the expansion which lies beyond time and space. He told me by signs that he did not desire to get well, that his life had been all labor, and that he wished to go. And so I laid his head upon the pillow, and he seemed to be satisfied.

And so our ceaseless toil ends in a handful of dust, — with a hope of immortality beyond. And it were well to have it even so, for so God hath shaped it. Yet it seemed as if fortune had flung me back through all the fleeting vanished years, which had been crushed into one supreme moment without pity. Again the two eternities meet. And now the work of one is done. At last rest has come to weary feet,

— Fame! so poor, so little, and so low, one could not hear her song, — it were better yet to live, if rightly so, even though it were here; but it were better yet to live beyond, where that which causes death must die, and leave our better life wholly emancipated.

"But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

"A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year that once had been,
In those fallen leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:

"And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

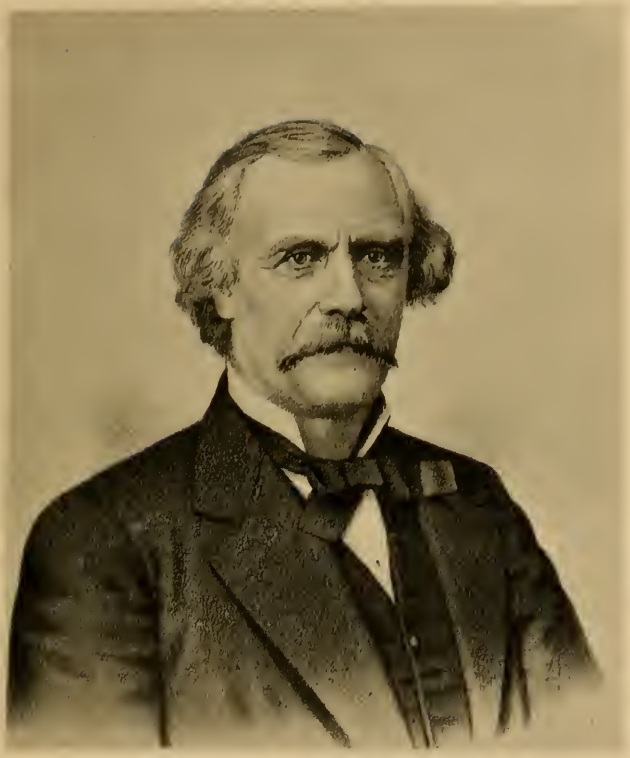
"The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen, thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

"So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,

And all at once it seemed at last
His living soul was flashed on mine,

"And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

"Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time, the shocks of Chance,
The blows of Death."



O. W. Wight, A. M., M. D.

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XXIII.

Thus lived and wrought a self-made man, — and so his labor ceased. All that is mortal of him lies under the sod of Greenwood, at rest. He was placed in kindred dust by loving hands. He laid down by the wayside, where the stone casts a shadow behind the sun of the afternoon of life. His pillow was the weary and pathetic dust of silent suffering. And yet it may be, it must be, best. This brave and tender soul loved the good, the beautiful, the true. And now he rests beyond every storm of life. His spirit has vanished into the viewless eternity. How brief the stay, the storm, the struggle here! How endless is the eternity beyond! And yet we linger a little while to recount some of the things he did, — a few of the many he did so well.

Union College conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, while he resided at Rye. He had not been educated at any college or university. This was a timely recognition of his learning, his attainments, and his success in the field of literature. About the same time, the degree of Master of Arts was given him by Yale College. This distinction he had earned by his own efforts. It was in some way a compensation for the studies and toils of his youth, when he had to work his own way in every field of knowledge and learning. These degrees were not conferred as a matter of course, when there had been three years of waiting after a four years' curriculum. They were given because they were deserved, on account of the merit, the learning, and the success of the recipient. These honors were gratifying to his laudable ambition. He had conquered the fields of learning up to the lines set by these deserved honors, and had gone a long way beyond them. But they were some encouragement, — an incentive to work in the future.

That he was ambitious, there can be no doubt. Take away all that the word *ambition* means and implies and it would be necessary to rewrite the history of the world. And when it had been rewritten, we would find our historian under the spell of ambition, — and his history would be of little worth. The ambition that leads to the performance of great deeds, that aims at the liberty, elevation, and happiness of the many, must not be thrown away. It is neither criminal nor sinful: it is praiseworthy to the extent that it lifts us up and draws others unto us. This was the nature of his ambition. It was this that moved him to his ceaseless labor. It was this that sustained him to the last. It was this that inspired his vision when the end came.

That he longed for fame was certainly true. To aspire to eminence was no new thing. Others had so longed and so aspired. To be a leader among men, not from material power, but from intellectual force, was laudable and desirable. Have

there not been a long line of worthies, as we traverse the centuries, from Plato to Descartes, from Aristotle to Bacon, from Thucydides to Gibbon, from Democritus to Darwin, from Homer to Shakespeare, whose names and works have been remembered? Their fame has extended into all lands. They are the world's inheritance. A new motion has been given to society, government, and civilization, in all lands, because these men have lived. Such fame as they have achieved, if rightly and fully earned, was not foreign to his wish. He desired to be in the company of the great, the good, and the wise.

All along his eventful life he has been associated with the press. No one knew better how much has been done for the world by the invention of printing. He appreciated how liberty and happiness increased by the diffusion of knowledge. Something of what has happened to the advantage of man during the brief existence of the press may be seen in the following words taken from one of his speeches: —

"In regard to the influence on society of the mingled good and evil of the press, it may be remarked that the former is permanent and the latter transitory. The good that men do is not interred with their bones. The evil that they do lives not long after them. The Almighty has so attuned the soul of man that it responds with tones of harmony to every touch of truth and beauty. On the other hand the touch of falsehood and deformity jangle it like sweet bells out of tune. Good is eternal. Evil is a perishable accident. The air of Heaven is so constituted that it transmits harmonies and arrests discords. In like manner, human society is so fashioned by the hand of its Maker that it rejects the evil poured out to it from the press and absorbs the good as nutriment into its very growth. . . .

"In conclusion, it may be said without any exaggeration that the wonderful progress of modern society dates from the invention of printing. In the Oriental fable a voice that was frozen into silence subsequently

thawed and became audible. The lips of antiquity were dumb in the chilly atmosphere of the Dark Ages, but they were warmed into eloquence by the rising sun of the Renaissance, after Tyndall had printed the Bible. The press restored to mankind the wisdom of the ancient world. Thanks to the scholarship and the invention of Germany, the lyrics of Pindar and Horace, the deeper melody of Homer and Virgil, the trumpet tones of liberty in Demosthenes and Cicero, the science of Aristotle, the thought of Plato, the compact narratives of Thucydides and Tacitus, the Philosophy of Greece and the jurisprudence of Rome, are brought within the reach of the humblest scholar. The press embalms for us the souls of the dead. The spirits of Dante and Shakespeare, of Leonardo da Vinci and Leibnitz, of Bacon and Descartes, of Cervantes and Milton, of Spinoza and La Place, hover this side of the eternal world in the mysterious drapery of printed words.

"I pause on the threshold of a theme as

vast as the world's literature. At a banquet given in honor of rare eloquence and political genius, it has seemed to me best to recall the several features of a subject that lies at the roots of our government and is interwoven with the destiny of the Republic." . . .

In his literary productions, he was clear, definitive, incisive, earnest, fearless, honest. He has been a voluminous writer. And the guiding principle in all was truth: the truth was better than any man; it was higher than anything which man did. His work was like that of the knight-errant: to set things right that had gone wrong; to aid in the evolution of man to a higher good. We may listen to what he says of William Wordsworth: "He spoke as the unsophisticated child always speaks, from the heart. Serpent critics might hiss, but his time was too precious to waste with them. He who is conversing with angels feels not the bite of vipers. He has other than carnal weapons with which to bruise their heads. Born

among the hills, the favorite of nature, what did Wordsworth care for Jeffrey's ridicule, or the neglect of contemporaries? More than half a century he wrote and lived poetry. Hills and mountains put on for him looks of benediction; Nature smiled upon him in flowers, and sung to him her love with warbling tongues. He could *afford* to be laughed at by the foolish, to be hooted at by literary owls. What had he to do with the world's approbation? He was a born poet, and could not listen to the cry of critic or multitude. Like a benign spirit, he brooded over the world of affection and sentiment, and in being true to these, he was true to himself. His voice has been borne on the bosom of the mountain wind, and already the ear of humanity is ravished by its kindly tone. An age of imitation never recognizes the inspired teacher who is true to man in being true to his own nature. Just so far as the spirit of the times is false will the true poet be neglected. The one who tacks to catch the popular breeze may run with

rapidity, — alas, not often heavenwards. When the multitude are repenting, woe to those who have received their greatest favors, and joy to those who have raised heroic and prophetic voices of warning and true guidance! Happy the age in which a strong, devout soul converses with the spirit of the universe in the hearing of men! Words of bitterness and of jest may be thoughtlessly uttered, but many shall learn to worship; seeing the light of consecrated genius that shines in truth and sincerity, they shall learn to glorify Him whose most perfect image is the divinest poet."

And here we revert to philosophy; in a few words the evolution of the human mind is pictured: "The philosopher, starting with full faith in the integrity of his intellectual nature, believes that he has knowledge, not merely of his own sensational states, but also of the existence of things, as consciousness clearly attests. This faith in reason is common to all philosophers. Philosophy, in its strictest meaning, is the thinking of thought,

a science of the human mind whose veracity is an object of belief. When mind is turned inward upon itself, when it applies itself to the observances of its own powers, when it searches after the laws of its own manifestations, when it watches itself in the act of acquiring knowledge, when it follows itself through the various operations of sensation, perception, reasoning, doubting, believing, etc., then the work of philosophizing has been seriously begun. That philosophy should at once be achieved, that it should leap into existence without defect, without blemish, complete and divinely beautiful, like Athene, or Wisdom, from the brain of Zeus, or the Supreme Intelligence, no man could expect. Every science has been the growth of ages. It is no more wonderful that opinions have differed in regard to questions of philosophy than that they have differed in regard to questions of chemistry. The chemist is certain in regard to some things; and as much may be said of the philosopher. The earliest cultivators of any

science find out a few facts, which are none the less facts for being mingled with many errors. When a science is more fully developed and fairly achieved, then a wise historical retrospect may clearly discriminate between error and fact, and point out the progress that has been made by decrease of the former, and increase of the latter. Philosophy, the most difficult of all sciences, must, in the nature of things, be the first to be established, the last to be perfected. Scientific investigation, of whatever kind, can proceed only with the aid of intellectual instruments given by philosophy. It must always be remembered that in the simplest physical sciences the mind is the investigator; unless it strictly obey laws which are derived solely from itself, it will arrive at nothing or error. Without the Greek metaphysicians and the schoolmen, there had been no modern science. Science sometimes shows her folly and ingratitude by ignoring her super-sensual helper, without whose aid she could not even know that a phe-

nomenon has a cause, and would thus lose the primary stimulus of her wonderful activity."

We pass from the philosophic and the poetic to the pathetic realism of storm and disaster, when the winds are let loose and drive the abode of the mariner to wreckage and destruction. And so it has been, and so it will be again; some are lost and some are saved. Safe is the open sea, and safe is the solid land: but where sea and land meet and wrestle, danger and peril wander up and down, as if they made the mournful music of the troubled shore. We give only the picture of the wreck and loss: "On the seventh of May, 1850, they embarked on board the 'Elizabeth' for the New World, leaving behind them the blackened fields of revolution, and that Rome which has been the arena of contending civilizations during a period of more than a hundred generations of men. The only other passengers were a young Italian girl and Mr. Horace Sumner, of Boston. Captain Harty died on the third

of June, off Gibraltar, with the confluent small-pox. The mate took the command. Ten days after, little Angelino sickened with the same frightful disease, and barely survived. Alas! when *misfortunes come, they come not single spies, but in fierce battalions.* July fifteenth the barque was off the Jersey coast, somewhere between Cape May and Barnegat. It was about noon. Trunks were packed, in expectation of landing next morning. About nine o'clock in the evening the breeze rose to a gale. Sails were close-reefed, but currents and tempest drove the vessel faster than any knew towards the sandbars of Long Island. About four o'clock the next morning she struck. Her broadside was exposed to the merciless blows of the enraged sea. The brine rushed through the broken bottom. The crash of falling timbers and the roar of waves that swept over her were fearfully mingled. The foaming spray quenched the lights, and the cabin-door was unhinged by the mad-rushing water. The words: '*We must die! Let*

us die calmly then,' were shrilly uttered above the heavy thunder of the ocean's roar. Prayer gushed up in agony from despairing hearts. Kindly and encouraging words of parting were spoken; and messages, stamped with the priceless value of dying utterance, were intrusted to each other for absent friends, if perchance some one might survive. The crew were on the forecastle, and the passengers in the cabin. Across the vessel amidships, between them, the heavy seas were at measured intervals sweeping. Mrs. Harty, the wife of the deceased captain, beckoned at the cabin door, and was observed by Davis, the mate. It was about seven in the morning, and the cabin threatened to break up. The sailors were ordered to the rescue, but refused to go. Davis, holding fast to the bulwarks, and stopping while the seas combed over him, crossed to the passengers. Two of the brave sailors followed him. The passengers with great difficulty and peril were conveyed to the forecastle. On the shore, not far off, were

wreckers, heartless as the dreary sand-hills washed by the cold waves. One sailor, aided by a life-preserver, reached the strand. Another, supported by a spar, followed in safety. Mr. Sumner made the attempt, and was swallowed up by the ocean. Mrs. Harty, seated upon a plank, holding fast by handles of rope, supported by Davis and a brave sailor, reached the shore almost lifeless. Margaret refused to be separated from her husband and child. The day wore away, and at length, about three o'clock, most of the crew jumped overboard, only part of whom gained the beach. Four seamen yet remained with the passengers. The cabin had gone, and the stern of the ship had sunk out of sight. At length the foremast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon it. Two of the seamen clung to the mast and were saved; the rest were lost. The child touched the shore of the New World, warm but lifeless. Margaret sank at once. When last seen, she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-

dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. It was over — that twelve hours' communion face to face with death! It was over! and the prayer was granted, *That Ossoli, Angelino, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief.*" In these words we have a vivid picture of the fate of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, than which none can be more pathetic, none more tragic. And it was none the less tragic, none the less pathetic, because the prayer seemed to be answered. To go through the wreck and the storm, — leaving the roar of the tempest and meeting the sweetness of the silence, — what a fate!

Science, philosophy, realism, and duty inspire the following paragraph, in which is aptly described the dual obligation of the physician to heal and teach: "In our profession, we have to deal not only with form and structure, but also with the visitations of Providence in the form of disease. Man, by his ignorance and waywardness, has violated the laws of the Almighty, and the con-

sequences of such isolation are visited upon him, involving the innocent as well as the guilty. Fearful problems of life are therefore presented to us at every step in our course. It is our business to perpetually teach as well as heal. Upon our diligence, caution, promptness, soundness of judgment, often hang the issues of life and death. We tread among open graves, while suppliants around us extend their trembling hands to us as ministers of God's healing art, revealed through patient investigation to a perishing world. It is a sacrilege to approach the great work without due preparation. The dearest interests of the living are committed to our keeping, and no man whose honor is not fire-proof should be allowed to wear the badge or hold the diploma of the medical profession. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that a true practitioner will seek the reward that comes from a consciousness of duty performed as well as the compensation of material gain."

XXIV.

" My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky ;
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die."

And so there comes an hour to every one that lives, — a momentary fragment of time, — when all that eye can see, or ear can hear, or hand can touch, seems like the shadow of a summer cloud as it speeds upon the shore, — and when there is a vision of things new and strange, — an *inspiration* of " something deeply interfused," of something besides the transient forms that meet us on every hand : and what this spirit is we do not know. And when our eyes, and ears, and hands are

weary, we rest and think, — and then we say: these motions that our common senses feel are only fragment of the eternal motions that a higher sense reveals.

> "Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove."

The earth, and moon, and sun, that rise and fall, and all the wandering host of worlds beyond, as turned and swung by cosmic law, in all their complicated and endless motions, are revelations to the *seer*, in every clime, in every land. They are but shadows of things to be; and as they move, they tend to one far-off event; and the story that they tell to him who is the seer must needs be true, and runs in words which make it clear that the universe of God is one. That two there cannot be: all worlds, all suns, are one; under the dominion of universal law, all things evolve; a providence of good unfolds the smallest flower and turns the greatest sun.

Inspiration and revelation have come to all peoples, in all lands, and in all times. To be a seer of the truth and a revealer of it to men is not an exceptional fact which has taken place now and then, here and there. The mind and soul of man has yearned for truth and life all through the centuries and the ages that have vanished. So they will in all times to come. Truly the Spirit of God interfuses all souls, and comes as a witness to every heart. But most of all to wise and holy men is his presence known, — those who have tried to fill the soul and mind and heart of man with faith, hope, and love. These men have lived in every land, have taught in every clime, have raised up those who fall in every time. It is they who see the truth, and teach the sons of men.

Oriental precept tells us that the wise Confucius divined the law and revealed it unto his brothers who were blind, to guide them in the devious ways of life. The gentle Prince Siddhârtha, whose stainless shrines

are daily overlaid with flowers, in whom the light of Asia shines, reveals a hope and refuge, greater than any one can tell, to countless weary hearts. The strong and devout soul of Socrates still converses with the Spirit of the universe, in the hearing of men who care to listen to that voice which seemed to reveal the very source of inspiration. Daily with the Father communed the blessed Son, whose sermon on the mount is a deeper inspiration and a mightier revelation than the world has elsewhere seen or heard. And it seems that all true prophets since the world began, and all true poets in the vanishing years, are seers, inspired to make revelations of the truth to man.

That there was an inspiration, as well as a revelation, in some way vouchsafed to him, we cannot doubt, who knew him well. It was not in the low and vulgar way of common men, but from an insight — a seeing — into the universe of man and nature, where lives and moves the eternal Spirit. That

we may know in some sense how this was so, we may paraphrase the thoughts of the poet "On the banks of the Wye, while he was visiting the ruins of Tintern Abbey:" —

In his boyish days nature was to him all in all. In after years he could not paint what then he was. It was then the sounding cataract like a passion haunted him with the enchanting music of its waterfall. The forms and colors of the high rock, the lofty mountain, and the deep wood, then awakened an appetite for Him who shaped the world, — and shaped it long ago. A feeling of a Presence and a love for what the eye could see burned and agitated all the elevated thoughts within. All the aching joys and all the dizzy raptures of that time are passed. The shore on which they rose is "lying low." Other gifts were his, of more abundant recompense and greater power. For in the passing years he had learned to look on nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth, but often hearing the still, sad music of humanity. It was not

harsh, nor did it grate upon the ear, though it was of ample power to chasten and subdue.

"And I have felt
A presence which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion, and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
And rolls through all things."

That he had faith in this life is well attested by what he said and did and wrote on occasions too many to enumerate. And it was all to him a very real and earnest thing. To such natures life is always intensely realistic, even in its moods of elevated thoughts. And that he believed in a future, another world vaguely expressed by the word eternity, he has expressly told us.

When he mentioned some great pictures he collected at Rome and at Dresden, the impressions made by these "precious pic-

tures" could be recalled in sleepless nights; they were seen as imperishable, and with the expectation of being carried "into the next world."

That he was in youth a dreamer — a philosopher, and Plato his master — may be true, but that in later years he became a practical realist was shown by his works. And yet the solution of every practical problem, as it came to thought and hand, was touched by a wise philosophy, beautified by a poetic imagination, and vivified by pathetic eloquence, — until its shadow fell over into the hereafter. And its fruition kept company with the good, which is eternal, — and parted with evil, which "is a perishable accident."

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